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THE
INTERSTATE
THIRD READER

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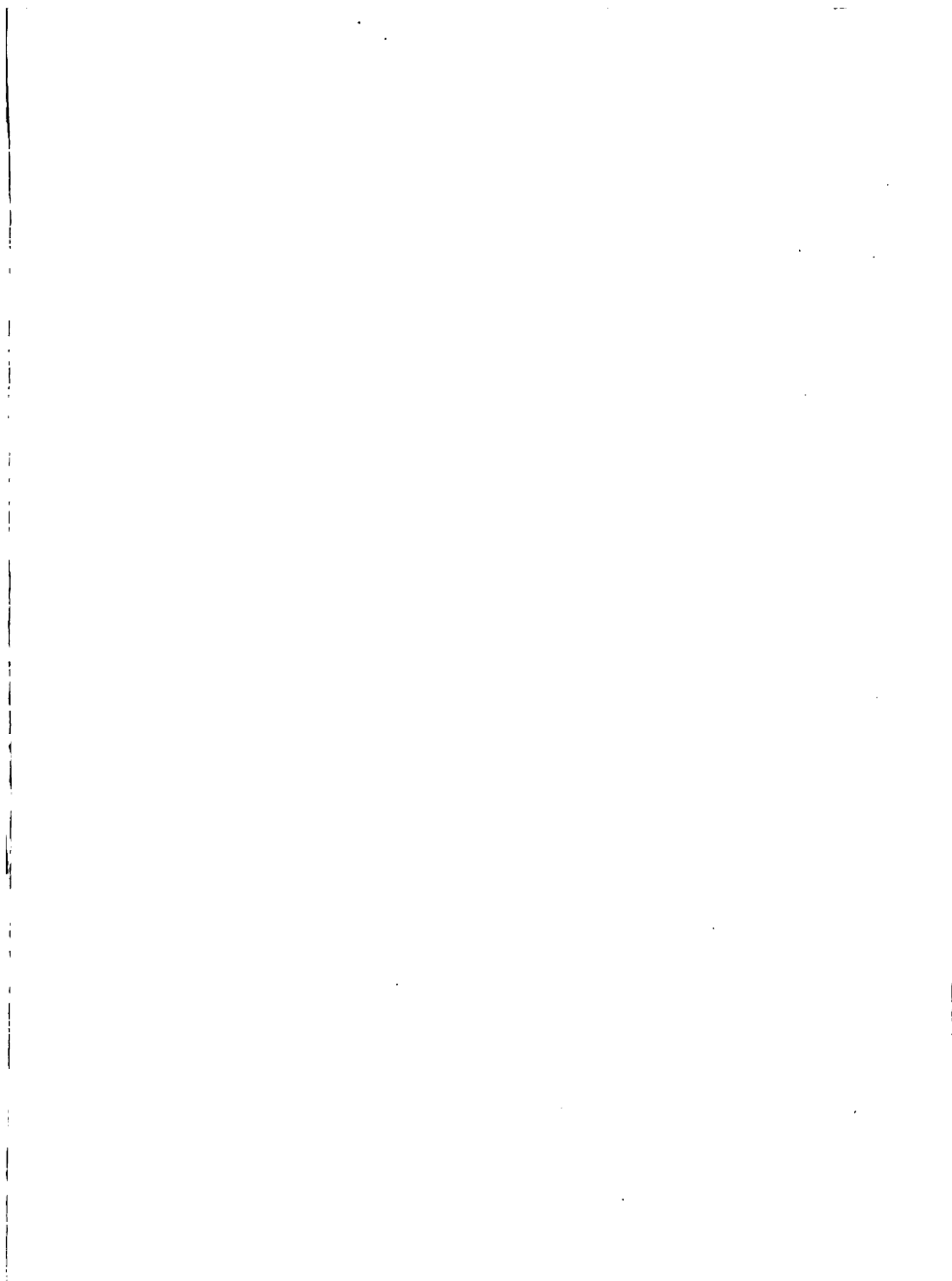


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SIMPLICITY.

(After a Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

THE INTERSTATE THIRD READER

BY
MARY I. LOVEJOY

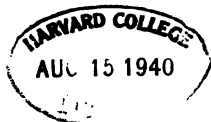
PRINCIPAL BROADWAY SCHOOL, CHELSEA, MASS.



BOSTON
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1893

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PREFACE.

IN submitting to the public the Third Reader of the Interstate Series, it has been my earnest endeavor to present to the children interesting stories, in the narrative and conversational style, rather than descriptive, as being better adapted to the intelligence of young pupils; at the same time using such material as will develop the best thought and imagination of the children, and create in them a love of good reading.

Much depends upon the manner in which the lesson is presented by the teacher. It should be her aim so to interest her pupils that she has the individual attention of each and all of her class; also to have the idea of the author expressed in the most natural, conversational manner.

Reading is not simply a repetition of words. It consists in comprehending the thoughts of an author, and so rendering the author's expression of these thoughts that the same meaning is conveyed to the hearer.

P R E F A C E .

To accomplish this the mind must be trained to grasp the thought of a sentence at a glance.

The new and difficult words placed at the beginning of each lesson, as an aid in its preparation, should be written upon the blackboard, their meaning fully comprehended by the pupils, and intelligent and thoughtful sentences given, containing them.

That these simple stories may bring pleasure and instruction to the children is the earnest desire of the author, who expresses the same sentiment as Miss Larcom:

“ And I, for one, would much rather,
 Could I merit so sweet a thing,
Be the poet of little children
 Than the laureate of the king.”

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MARY I. LOVEJOY.



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INTERSTATE THIRD READER.

I.

ONE LITTLE FIGURE.

Rob bie	fif ty-two	re mem ber
hang ing	sev en ty-two	mis takes
dif fer ence	min ute	dunce
fool ish	queer	prob lem

“It won’t come right,” called out Robbie from the next room. “I have done it three times, and it keeps coming just so; fifty-two cents, when it ought to be seventy-two. I don’t know what to do with the mean old thing.”

Then mamma came and looked over his slate. “Why, Robbie! How many are nine times four?”

“Thirty-six,” said Robbie, after a minute, hanging his head and looking foolish.

"That's queer, and I said it was twenty-six, every time. What a dunce! But then, mother, that makes only ten cents difference. I don't see how it got to be twenty, down here."

"It grew," said his mother. "Mistakes always do; remember that, my boy."

"One little figure making all that fuss!" said Robbie, as he rubbed out the two, and put a big three in its place.

Do you know what Robbie's problem was?

II.

BUNNY, THE BEAVER.

Lon don	smooth	vil lages	suit
trow el	an i mals	built	bea vers
plas ter	han dled	Zo o log i cal	hearth

Beavers always build a good many houses near together, so that they live in little villages, and they build beside a stream.

They make a dam across the stream, with stones and trees neatly piled up, and they plaster their houses and the dam with clay. They lay the clay on, and smooth it with their tails, which are broad and flat like a mason's trowel. The trees they cut down with their sharp teeth.

An English gentleman, who was very fond of animals, once had a present of a baby beaver. He named him Bunny. Bunny grew very tame, and would come when he heard his name called and jump upon his master's knee. He loved to be talked to, and have his head patted.

Bunny had been caught when he was young, and he had never seen any beavers building, but he seemed to know just how to go to work, and when he grew large and strong he built a dam in his master's parlor.

He chose a place where there was a tall desk, not far from the corner of the room, and he built from there across the corner. He could not find a tree to cut, so he took

books and boxes, and anything else he could move. Most of these things he pushed before him on the floor; one thing he seemed to like most was a long-handled brush for sweeping up the hearth; he always carried that in his paws.

He would build up a pile of things neatly, then he would sit up in front of his dam, holding his head on one side, and look at it to see if it was all right. Sometimes he seemed pleased and let it stay; sometimes he would take it apart and do it over.

Bunny had a little, soft bed to sleep on, and when he had the dam all made to suit him, he would go in behind it, pat up his bed and go to sleep. Of course his master and the other people in the house wanted to use the books, and the boxes, and the long-handled brush; so every morning Bunny's dam was taken down, and every day he built it again, so he was kept pretty busy.

After a while, Bunny's master went away out of the country; and it was then thought best to send Bunny to live at the Zoölogical

Gardens in London, where he would have the company of other animals, and perhaps find some beavers to play and build dams with.

Here he had something else besides boxes and books to build with. Though at first he was rather lonely and wanted his master. After a while he grew quite content and happy.

III.

KIND WILLIAM AND THE WATER-SPRITE.

Part I.

o blig ing	tints	warp	sprite
peb bles	woof	dipped	clapped

There was once a little boy named William. Everybody called him Kind William, because he was so pleasant and obliging.

When he was seven years old, his father gave him a little net, and one day he went

to the river to fish. He found a pretty little pool, where the water was so clear that he could see the fishes darting about.

He dipped his net into the water, and in a few moments he caught twenty-one little fishes.

I am quite sure that you never saw such pretty fishes as these were. As they jumped about in the net, they shone with tints of green and gold.

Kind William was looking at them with great delight, when he suddenly heard a voice crying: "O, my little sisters! O, my little sisters!"

He turned round and saw a little girl sitting on a rock, crying as if her heart would break.

She was a lovely little girl, with long yellow hair that shone like gold. She was dressed in green, and from her knees downward she was hidden by the ferns and rushes that grew by the stream.

"What is the matter, little girl?" said Kind William. But the little girl only

cried harder than ever, and kept saying:
“O, my little sisters! O, my little sisters!”

“Where are your little sisters? What is the matter with them?”

“They are in the net there. You have caught them.”

“Oh! the poor little fishes.”

Then Kind William looked sad. “These are my fishes,” he said; “I have caught them.”

But the little girl cried so hard, and begged so earnestly that he would let the fishes go, that at last he did so.

He emptied the net into the water, and the fishes swam away under the sand and pebbles.

Then the little girl laughed and clapped her hands.

“Thank you; thank you, Kind William! You shall be well paid for this good deed. How many fishes did you catch?”

“Twenty-one,” said Kind William sorrowfully.

Then the little girl began to cut off her

long golden hair. She cut off sixty-three hairs.

Do you know how many times twenty-one makes sixty-three?

She wound the sixty-three hairs into a curl and gave it to Kind William, telling him to take great care of it and never to give it away.

Then she began to sing in a very sweet voice:

“Warp of woollen and woof of gold,
When seven and seven and seven are told.”

Kind William took the golden lock home with him and put it in an old tin box, where it staid for a long time.



IV.

KIND WILLIAM AND THE WATER-SPRITE.

Part II.

weav er	re mem bered	shut tle
sud den ly	for got ten	birth day
wool len	beau ti ful	water-sprite

Years passed away, and Kind William grew to be a man. His mother was dead, and he lived with his father who was a poor weaver.

On his twenty-first birthday, he was walking by the river.

He felt very sad, because his father was so poor, and he could not help him.

Suddenly he heard a sweet voice singing :

“ Warp of woollen and woof of gold,
When seven and seven and seven are told.”

Kind William looked all around in wonder, but he could not see anybody.

Then he remembered the golden curl

everything one could wish ; for there was to be a picnic the next day.

When they were seated at dinner papa said, "Grace, I have invited little Mary Lane to go in our carriage to-morrow."

"O, papa!" said Grace, "why did you ask her? I do not want her to go with us. I should be so happy if I could invite Katie Graham. She is so pretty and full of fun. She always carries such good lunches. Mary Lane is so still, and she never has anything but baker's cookies."

"I wonder what you would carry, Grace, if you were Mary Lane and had no mamma to make nice things for you," said papa.

Grace looked ashamed but made no answer. It was rather a cross little face that papa kissed when he went out to the store.

Grace stood at the window after he had gone, wishing that papa had let her invite the little girl she wanted.

Mary Lane might come and see her some other day, and play in the orchard. That would be fun enough for her.

She stood at the window a long time. She looked up at the sky and noticed the clouds hurrying together. Soon the sky was covered by clouds, and by evening it was raining hard

Grace could not keep back the tears when she heard the rain pattering against the window.

She went to bed feeling very sad, but soon fell asleep.

VI.

CLOUDS AND COBWEBS.

Part II.

voice	in stant	re turned
cheer y	cob webs	sur prised
feath er	whith er	whis pered
self ish	suc cess	a fraid

Grace had been asleep some time, when she felt a light kiss upon her forehead.

She looked up and saw standing by her bedside a sweet little old lady.

"Why! who are you?" said Grace, springing up in bed. "You must be somebody's grandmamma, your face is so sweet and dear."

"I belong to many little children," said the old lady, in a bright cheery voice. "I have come to you to-night, for I knew that you needed me."

Just then Grace looked at the window and saw that the rain was still falling.

"O, dear!" said Grace. "I want to go to a picnic to-morrow; and see how it rains."

"I sweep the cobwebs from the sky," said the old lady. "See my feather broom by the window?"

"Oh! I know who you are now," said Grace. "Please do it right away."

"That is just what I wish to do; but I cannot open the window."

"Oh! I can open the window," said Grace. In an instant she was at the sash. "Why, what is the matter with it? It will not go up. That is strange. I could always open it before."

The old lady looked a little sad, and said :
“ I am afraid you are a selfish little girl. I
can never do anything for selfish children.”

Grace was ashamed, and then said : “ I
did not want Mary Lane to go to the picnic
with us. I am truly sorry, and I do want
her to go now.”

“ Try the window again,” said the old
lady.

This time it went up in an instant. Just
outside was a beautiful white bird. The
old lady took her broom, seated herself
upon the bird’s back, and was soon among
the clouds.

Grace sang as she floated away :

“ Whither, oh ! whither, oh ! whither so high ? ”

The answer came back to her :

“ To sweep the cobwebs from the sky ;
I’ll be back again by and by.”

Soon Grace saw one little star peep from
the clouds, then another and another. Be-
fore long, the clouds were all swept away,

and the moonlight filled her room with its beauty.

She returned to bed with a happy face, there to sleep until morning.

The sun rose clear and bright, and the picnic was a grand success.

Grace did all she could to make Mary Lane happy. She was surprised to find what a dear little girl she was.

When Grace got home that night, she put her arms around her father's neck, and whispered, "I hope mamma has been watching me to-day, for I have been so very happy."



VII.

THE WEASELS.

wea sel	rub bish	won der ful
cu ri ous	dan ger ous	sur round ings
en e my	sav age ly	mot tled
hol low	mo tions	tal ons

These curious little creatures are weasels. See how long and slender their bodies are. Their legs are quite short, the neck long, the eyes small, but very bright.

Weasels have their nests in loose piles of stone or dry rubbish near the streams, and sometimes in hollow trees.

They make very soft beds for their little ones, and there are usually four or five baby weasels in the little home.

If you should wish to take one of these babies for a pet, you would find it a hard task.

Though the weasel is only eight inches in length, it will defend its young as

**WEASELS.**

savagely as a bear or a tiger. It is a dangerous little enemy.

They are very quick in their motions, and will jump at the throat of their foe.

Weasels live on rats and mice, sucking their blood and eating their brains. They often climb high trees, eating the eggs in the nests, and sometimes the little birds.

They are wonderful mousers: In some farmhouses, where there are a large number of mice, the boys catch a weasel in a trap, and let him loose in the chambers.

What a hunt follows! In a day or two, there is not a mouse to be seen.

Do you notice the difference between the weasels in this picture? I wonder if you can give a reason for this change? There has been a change in the seasons.

In the summer the weasels are brown, like the rocks and the trunks of the trees; but in the winter they are white, like the snowdrifts.

That is one way in which God cares for

his creatures, giving them a covering like their surroundings.

It is the same with the wild rabbit, and you may see the fur prettily mottled, when the change is taking place in the fall or spring.

The hawks and owls are the worst foes the weasels have. They pounce down upon them, crushing the life out of them with their strong talons. If they are not seized, they will bite their captor under the wing, teasing him so that he will be glad to let go his prey.

VIII.

THE ANGEL AND THE CLOUD.

un no ticed	in hal ing	glit tered
mel an chol y	mount ains	blushed
ho ri zon	fount ain	hov ered

The sun sank at the horizon. The white clouds moved slowly behind the mount-

ains. Among the clouds was seen an Angel playing with the evening roses. Fair and beautiful was the elf-like figure; blue skies smiled in his eyes, rays flashed like locks round his brow, and in the locks glittered stars, like dewdrops fallen on dark-green leaves in the summer evening. Everywhere the Angel moved was seen a broad stream of light, and round about the clouds blushed from love.

At a far distance hovered a lonely Cloud. It was not noticed by anybody; no one knew of its love. The Cloud felt itself so lonesome; melancholy waved in its pale mists, and it melted into tears. These tears fell down, and it was Spring on earth. For every tear grew up plant by plant, flower by flower; roses, violets, lilies, forget-me-nots.

The fair Angel came down and walked in the valley, happy and thankful, inhaling the fragrance of the lilies; but the violets were placed at his bosom, where they never shall wither.

The Angel said to the lilies: "Whence your delightful fragrance? What blessed fountain gave you life and charm?"

The lilies whispered, "Our mother was a tear shed by a lonely Cloud."

The Angel kissed all these flower-tears, looked at the sky, but no trace was left of the Cloud.

And the Angel wept over all forgotten love, whose lonely tears, unnoticed, are shed for the joy of the beloved.

Swedish Legend, in "Wide Awake."



IX.

THE FORTY GULDEN.

I.

re mem ber	par tic u lar ly	re paid
in ter est	max im	high way
com pan ions	de ceit	ad vent ures
trust wor thy	guld en	chief
im pressed	pre par ing	whis tling

I remember reading a story one day which I think might interest boys and girls. It happened a long time ago, and in a very far-off country.

One day a boy, named Fritz, was starting upon a long journey. He was a poor boy and was going to his father, who had been taken sick some distance from his home.

His mother was a good woman. She had brought up her son to be a good, trustworthy boy. She had impressed upon him, particularly, this maxim, "Fear God, and speak the truth."

The boy had grown up honest and fearless, and never stooped to deceit.

As the mother was preparing her son for his journey, she took forty gulden, which were all her savings, and sewed them into the lining of the boy's coat.

The country through which he had to pass in order to reach his father, was infested with highway robbers; wild, reckless men. They would kill a man in their desire to get his money.

The mother, with a sad yet trusting heart, bade her son good-by. She told him to fear nothing except doing wrong, and always to tell the truth.

Fritz started out with great courage. He made the first part of his journey without adventures.

Before many days, he came to a lonely stretch of country, which he had to cross alone and on foot.

He had scarcely gone a mile, when a man on horseback rode up to him, and said: "Well, my little fellow, well, you



THROUGH A LONELY STRETCH OF COUNTRY.

don't look as if you had much money about you; how much have you — a gulden?"

"I have forty gulden in my coat," he replied.

The robber laughed, and said, "Now you can hardly expect me to believe that," and rode away laughing to himself.

Fritz went on his way, little dreaming in what danger he had been. He had not gone very far before a second man came up to him, much fiercer looking than the first.

"Give up your money," he shouted; then coming closer, and seeing it was only a boy, and a very shabby one at that, he growled: "What are you doing here, youngster? Did you ever see a gulden in your life?"

"Yes," replied the boy. "I have forty gulden in my coat."

The robber stared at him, then laughing, as the other had done, left him and plunged into the woods.

II.

Fritz went on his way, whistling and singing, very light of heart. The gloomy woods were almost at an end. He would soon see his father, and feel fully repaid for the long, lonely journey.

He had almost reached the edge of the wood, when he saw a third man riding slowly toward him.

"Well, my young man," he said pleasantly, "where are you going, and what have you?"

"I am going to see my father who is ill," replied Fritz. "I have forty gulden sewed into my coat."

The man looked surprised, and glanced from the boy's bare feet to his shabby coat; he was just about to drive on when he stopped and said to Fritz, "Take off your coat, my boy, a moment."

The boy obeyed, wondering what the robber was going to do.

The man examined the coat carefully,

and found sewed in the lining the forty gulden.

"Why did you tell me of this?" said the robber, astonished. "I did not suppose you had any money about you. Why did you tell me the truth?"

"My mother always taught me to 'Fear God, and speak the truth,' and I have always tried to do so," replied the boy.

"Thank God for such a mother, my boy," said the robber, deeply moved. "Never forget her, nor what she has taught you. My mother was a good woman. She tried to teach me to be good and truthful. I was a wild, reckless boy and would not listen to her. Now, for many years, I have been chief of a gang of robbers, but your words and example make me long to return to my old mother, who, in spite of my sins, will forgive me."

The robber took the boy upon his horse, and carried him safely to his father. The lesson the boy had taught was never forgotten by the robber. Soon after, he left

his wicked companions, and went back to his mother to comfort and care for her in her old age.

The money was saved by truth and fearlessness, which are always sure to win.

"Fear God, and speak the truth."

X.

PRINCESS WILHELMINA.

heir ess	prin cess	yacht	al lowed
Dutch	res i dence	pig eons	o pin ion
health y	fa vor ite	pleas ures	oc ca sion



LITTLE girl of thirteen is the heiress of the Dutch crown, since the death of the father William III., the last king of the House of Orange.

Her name is Princess Wilhelmina, and her wise mother is bring-

ing her up just as any healthy girl should be, whether princess or not.

In the royal park at Het Loo, their favorite residence, the little Princess takes long rides on her own little pony, drives a pair of ponies, or a four-in-hand, boats on the lake in her own little yacht, *Emma*, and feeds the deer and the pigeons near her chalet. She is very fond of country pleasures, and rides, drives and boats to her heart's content.

Her teachers are not allowed to make any difference with her on account of her high position, not even to call her "Your Royal Highness." The Queen herself teaches her to play the piano and to ride.

One day, the Queen and the little Princess were driving in a sledge over the ice between the palace and the Hague. They came upon a number of sturdy little Dutch children, who were having a very good time snow-balling.

The Princess was most anxious to join



PRINCESS WILHELMINA AT EIGHT YEARS OF AGE, WITH HER PET PONY.

them, so the Queen stopped the sledge and allowed her to get out.

Off ran the happy little Princess into the midst of the other children, as eager for the fray as any one of them; and for a whole quarter of an hour, the future Queen of the Hollanders took her part in a well-fought snow-battle, neither giving nor receiving quarter.

My opinion is that she will govern her people all the better, some day, for having made herself one with them, even upon so small an occasion as this.



XI.

. CALLING THE VIOLET.

Dear little Violet,
Don't be afraid!
Lift your blue eyes
From the rock's mossy shade!

All the birds call for you,
Out of the sky ;
May is here, waiting,
And here, too, am I.

Why do you shiver so,
Violet sweet?
Soft is the meadow-grass
Under my feet.
Wrapped in your hood of green
Violet, why
Peep from your earth-door
So silent and shy ?

Trickle the little brooks
Close to your bed ;
Softest of fleecy clouds
Float overhead ;
“ Ready and waiting ! ”
The slender reeds sigh ;
“ Ready and waiting ! ”
We sing — May and I.

Come, pretty Violet,
Winter's away :



CALLING THE VIOLET.

Come, for without you
May isn't May.
Down through the sunshine
Wings flutter and fly;
Quick, little Violet,
Open your eye!

Hear the rain whisper,
"Dear Violet, come!"
How can you stay
In your underground home?
Up in the pine-boughs
For you the winds sigh:
Homesick to see you,
Are we — May and I.

Ha! though you care not
For call or for shout,
Yon troop of sunbeams
Are winning you out.
Now all is beautiful
Under the sky;
May's here — and violets!
Winter, good-by!

Lucy Larcom.



XII.

THE ORIOLE'S NEST.

Mead ow	per haps	col ored
Bal ti more	fast ened	Thanks giv ing
o ri ole	scat tered	El sie

"O, mamma! do see that beautiful bird," said Marian, as she and Elsie were walking through grandpapa's meadow.

"What is it, mamma? There it is again."

"That is a Baltimore oriole," said her mamma.

"Isn't he a beauty? His feathers are

such a bright orange; and see the black spots on his wings.

"I am glad he does not stay in Baltimore all the time," said Elsie.

"His colors are the same as those of Lord Baltimore, who once owned the State of Maryland. That is why he is so named. Some people call him a golden robin, but he is not a robin. Look up in the trees; perhaps we may find his nest."

"Oh! there it is." Elsie pointed to where it hung from the branch of a tree.

If you look closely at the picture, I think you will find it. It is such a dainty nest, woven loosely but firmly, and fastened to some slender branch by horsehair.

The children went to visit the oriole and his hanging nest every day while they staid at grandpapa's.

The last day of their visit they carried a basket of crumbs, and scattered them over the grass.

"This is our good-by to you, dear little oriole," said Elsie.



MAMMA, MARIAN AND ELSIE.

The handsome little fellow watched them from his tree, and whistled a merry answer as the little girls went away. Elsie turned, and kissed her hand to him as a last good-by.

At Thanksgiving, the children came again for a short visit to the farm. Early in the morning, Marian sprang from her bed, and ran to the window. The snow was falling fast.

The little girls were very happy over the first snow-storm, and were soon out-of-doors having a gay frolic.

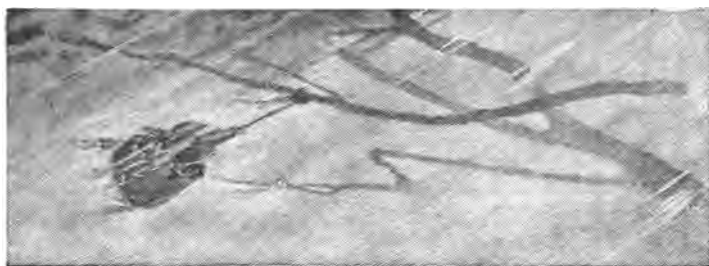
Grandpapa joined in the sport, and was snow-balled until he looked like a walking snow man.

When the storm was over, they went to the meadow to look for the oriole's nest. There it hung; but it was full of the soft white snow.

The tears came to Elsie's eyes when she caught sight of it. She turned to her mamma and said, "What will the oriole do? His little home is full of snow."

"The oriole is among the flowers in the sunny South," said her mamma. "I think he will come back to this pleasant meadow next summer. If this nest is spoiled he can build another, which will be just as pretty. You may bring some colored threads, and perhaps he will weave them in."

So Elsie and Marian are saving bright-colored threads for the oriole's nest in the meadow.



XIII.

A GOOD TIME.

us u al	ex cuse	prom ised	din ing-room
sev er al	hur ried	bub bles	ex claim ing
in quired	sen si ble	ob jec tions	des sert
for got ten	an swer	vi o lets	sud den ly

Nannie Weston threw open the door of the dining-room, where her mother and her little brother Walter were seated at the table, and rushed in exclaiming, "O, mamma! we're going to have such a nice time. That is, if you'll let me go, and I 'most know you will."

"But, my dear little girl, haven't you forgotten something?" inquired her mother.

"O, yes! please excuse me;" and Nannie hurried away to wash her hands and brush her hair.

When she was seated again at the table, her mother said, "Now you may tell us about your good time."

"Well," said Nannie, "Miss Ray is going to take us to the woods for violets—all the first class, you know. Cora Grey said she would call for me at three o'clock. You'll let me go, won't you, mamma?"

"I have no objections to your going," said her mother, "if Miss Ray is going with you."

"But, mamma," cried Walter, "you said—you promised—don't you remember what you promised, mamma?"

"O, yes! I had forgotten. I told Walter that you would blow soap-bubbles with him this afternoon, as there was to be no school."

"But I can't now," said Nannie, "because I'm going to walk. Some other time I'll blow soap-bubbles with you, Walter."

"I want to do it to-day," said Walter sadly, "and mamma promised."

"Yes; but now she has promised me that I may go to walk, haven't you, mamma?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Weston. "When you asked me, I quite forgot what I had said to Walter this morning. I thought you might play with him for an hour or two, and go out afterward. But if Cora is coming for you at three o'clock you will have to go then. Perhaps Walter will let me be his playmate this afternoon."

Walter did not answer. He looked at Nannie and his eyes were full of tears. Walter was a good and sensible little boy, but he had not been well for several days, and he did not feel quite as brave and manly as usual.

"Now he's going to cry," said Nannie. "I suppose he thinks I can give up everything for him."

"He didn't say so, Nannie," said her mother; "and I don't think a kind little girl would say such a thing as that."

Nannie didn't say anything more aloud, but she thought to herself, "He's a cry-baby, any way! He has just spoiled my good time, because I shall keep thinking



"I'LL STAY AND BLOW SOAP-BUBBLES WITH YOU."

how his face looked with the tears running down."

When the dessert was brought on, Mrs. Weston gave each of the children a plate of nice pudding. Walter played with his spoon, but ate very little.

"Eat your pudding, Walter dear," said his mother. "Bridget made this pudding on purpose for you, because you like it so much."

Somehow Nannie's pudding did not taste as nice as usual. She looked out of the window, and thought of the pleasant woods with the big blue violets hiding among the grass and moss.

Then she looked at Walter. His face was pale, and his cheeks were wet with tears. Suddenly the little girl jumped up, and ran around the table to her little brother's side. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Don't cry, dear," she said; "I'll stay and play soap-bubbles with you. I'd just as soon. Now you'll eat your pudding, won't you?"

Walter smiled, and kissed his sister, and after that they both liked the pudding very much.

And what was best of all, at four o'clock their papa came home, and said that he thought Walter was well enough to take a short drive. They met the children coming home from the woods, with bunches of violets in their hands, and Nannie said, "I have had the best time, after all."

XIV.

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

mes sage	ter ri ble	a woke	de cid ed
poi son	min ute	blos soms	al ley
mes sen gers	al co hol	sun shine	pan sies

Little Katie Wood lived in an old house in an alley. She had no pretty clothes to wear, and was often cold and hungry.

I will tell you the reason for this: her dear father, who used to be so kind to her, was drinking poison every day.

Not a poison that would make him die at once. No; it was poison that made him forget his love for his little girl and her mamma. It was a poison that made him stupid, and sometimes cruel. The name of this poison is alcohol. Never forget what a terrible poison it is.

One day Katie's papa fell from a ladder, and was very badly hurt. The workmen brought him home, and little Katie and her mamma were very sorry to see him lying so still and pale.

He was very sick for a long time. Katie helped her mamma, and waited on her papa like a little woman.

One afternoon, as she was out on an errand, she passed a beautiful house. She stopped for a minute to look at the flowers in the garden. There were pansies, lilies, roses, and many others whose names she did not know.



"LITTLE GIRL, DO YOU LIKE FLOWERS?"

She stood there so long that the lady who lived in the house noticed her. Coming to the gate, she said, "Little girl, do you like flowers?"

"Yes, ma'am; I love them," said Katie, "and yours are so beautiful."

"You may have some to carry home," said the lady. She gave her all her hands could hold.

Katie ran home as fast as she could, with her flowers. Her papa was asleep, so she put them beside his bed.

By and by he awoke, and as he opened his eyes he saw the beautiful flowers. He lay there and looked at them for a long time, and this is what the blossoms seemed to say to him:

"Do you see how bright and sweet we are? That is because we live in God's sunshine, and are growing for him. You can live for him, too. Don't drink any more poison. You are shutting the sunshine out of your home, and away from Katie and her mother. Live for God as

we are living, and you will help make the world happy and good."

Katie's father said to himself, "I will never drink anything with alcohol in it again." Then he called Katie and her mother, and told them what he had decided.

Oh! how happy they were. Very soon they moved to a pretty little house, where Katie had a flower garden of her own. She loved the sweet flowers better than ever before. "They are God's messengers," she said, "and have some kind word for every one."

XV.

FAIRY JEWELS.

O, white moon sailing down the sky,
I watch you when in bed I lie;
I watch you in the calm blue deep,
And dream of you when fast asleep;



I fancy as I see
 you float,
That you are some
 good fairy's boat,
And winds that
 round my window
 blow
Are the same winds
 which make you go.
Each star that shines for
 me so bright
For you is just a beacon-light.

WATCHING THE MOON.

I half believe that it is you
 Who bring each day the morning dew ;
 Each drop is so much like a gem,
 I think the fairy gathers them,
 And leaning over as you pass
 Lets millions fall upon the grass.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

XVI.

BANANA AND PLANTAIN.

West In dies	ne groes	stalk	ba na na
plant ain	val leys	Flor i da	cent u ry
South A mer i ca	weigh	sun light	Chi na

Have you ever eaten a banana? Yes, of course. Do you know where it comes from? Perhaps not, so I will tell you.

Banana and Plantain are two names for plants very much alike. The banana fruit is fine and sweet, and is eaten raw. The plantain is large and coarse, and

must be cooked before it is fit for food. These plants grew in China many hundred years ago. The Indians of South America planted them in their gardens before the country was known to the rest of the world.

We will describe the banana, which will answer for both. A tiny shoot appears above the ground. This may be in the garden of the negro, in the West Indies. He has cut down the great trees in the forest, and made an opening in the thick woods, where the sun can come in. In this clearing, after he has burned off the brush and trees, he finds a rich soil. Here he plants his garden.

If the earth is moist, and a stream runs near by, the little green bud pushes itself up very fast. It is seeking the sunlight. It grows into a great stem, perhaps twenty feet high, and unrolls broad silky leaves. In the mountain valleys, guarded from the wind, they grow to be nearly ten feet long and two feet broad. They look

like sheets of green silk, and are very beautiful. Sometimes the wind tears them into ragged ribbons.

From the stalk, now very thick and tall, a slender stem shoots out. It grows more and more, and little buds appear, which open into flowers. These flowers are full of honey. They attract bees, butterflies and humming-birds. The flowers drop off, and the fruit begins to form.

Later on, the stalk is hung with bananas in rows about it, each one five or six inches long, green at first, then turning yellow as it ripens.

They are full of soft sweet pulp. A stem may have more than one hundred on it, and may weigh eighty pounds.

In Florida, the poor people and negroes plant the bananas about their houses, and it gives them shade, as well as fruit to eat. They live in idleness, content to get their food so easily.

It takes from a year to eighteen months for the plant to grow and ripen its fruit.

Then its labor is done. Like the century plant it blossoms but once, then dies. New shoots spring up from the roots, that bear fruit in their turn. A garden once planted will go on thus many years.

XVII.

COMPOUND FLOWERS.

June	fair ly	fast ened	pet als
hur ry ing	un til	bunch es	cen ter
coun try	re cess	show ered	com pound
dai sies	fin gers	a greed	poi son
dan de li on	col or	di rec tion	rem e dies

One day last June a merry group of little girls might have been seen hurrying from the schoolhouse door, in a country town not far from Boston.

Away they ran full of life and glee until they reached a field fairly white with daisies. All through recess their little fingers

were busy as could be, picking the lovely flowers. Their bright dresses made pretty touches of color as they went from one spot to another.

As they came back with large bunches of daisies in their hands, or a few flowers fastened to their dresses, they made a



lovely picture. At least, so the teacher thought, as she stood just outside the door watching her happy pupils.

As the little girls came toward her, they showered the daisies upon her from every direction. It was the teacher's birthday, and those merry little people had agreed to take this beautiful way to tell her how much they loved her.

"I hope you will live as long as the daisy

plant lives," said one little girl. Wasn't that a kind wish?

"Do you know much about daisies?" asked the teacher. "I will tell you about them.

"Some daisies fold their petals at night. An English poet first noticed this fact, and so he called the flower the day's-eye. The poet was Chaucer, and he lived four hundred years ago.

"A daisy is a compound flower. A compound flower is one that is made up of many flowers. The center, or disk, of a compound flower looks as if it were made up of a great many little leaves packed together. But if you look closely, you will see they are florets, or little flowers.

"The flowers around the edge of the disk are ray-flowers.

"The sunflower is a compound flower. It is called the sunflower because the disk looks like the sun, and the yellow ray-flowers look like the rays of the sun.

"Some compound flowers have no rays.



The life-everlasting is a compound flower, but it has no rays.

“All children love the dandelion because it comes so early. They like to blow

off the winged seeds, and make curls of the stems. That, too, is a compound flower.

“There are very few poisonous plants among the compound flowers. Many of them are used as remedies for sickness.”

XVIII.

A RUSTIC PATH.

rus tic	knock er	spec kled	pro tect ed
shrubs	cu ri ous	pre cious	se cure ly
crea tures	sev er al	anx ious ly	in sects
pluck y	some where	won der ful	gold en-rod

Isn't this a pretty path? I wish I might take these little boys and girls into just such a spot, and let them see what happy, tiny creatures have their homes in these beautiful places.

See that little fellow on the rail of the fence! How much he would tell us if he could only talk!

I think if we should step aside among

these shrubs and flowers, we should find somewhere a small round hole in the ground. The little chipmunk has just such a doorway to his house. Should you like to see him? If he is at home I think you may.

Two stones will do for his knocker, and if you rap them together several times, his little head will pop up to see who you are. He is a very curious little fellow. If you should visit him often, bring some nuts or corn. Place them near his hole, and he will feel that you are his friend, and will venture quite close to you.

Oh! what is this? A little nest down on the ground, with some brown, speckled eggs in it! That is a little song sparrow's nest. The tiny brown hostess is anxiously watching you from that barberry bush.

"Don't be afraid, wee mother; we will not touch one of your precious eggs."

The bluebird is more careful. She builds her nest in the hollow of a tree. Her home is more securely protected.



"SEE THAT LITTLE FELLOW ON THE RAIL OF THE FENCE."

There! did you see that little black creature darting across the path? It is a mole; it makes long alleys and winding passages underground.

How short his legs are! His fur is black. He looks like a piece of plush. He is putting away food for the winter, for then he takes a long nap.

Sometimes there comes a warm day. Then he wakes and eats a little of his store, and then falls asleep again, until the sun and flowers tell him it is really spring.

Now notice the hundreds of tiny insects about us. Listen to their music. This is a busy little world, and how happy they all seem!

Do you see the spider watching you from that spray of golden-rod? He is a plucky little fellow. Wave that grass at him. Aha! what a leap he can make! Did he fall to the ground? Not he. He has a silken thread to draw himself back again. There he is, ready for another spring.

You will find some insect on every plant. If you watch any one of them, he will teach you something about himself.

This is a very wonderful world, and it

is full of interesting things for watchful eyes.

“And there’s never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature’s palace.”

XIX.

TAKE CARE.

Little children, you must seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak,
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross or cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you’re alive!

What you have, and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back;
So, my little folks, take care!

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view;
All beholders, as they pass,
Will perceive, and know them, too.

Goodness shows in blushes bright,
Or in eyelids drooping down,
Like a violet from the light;
Badness, in a sneer or frown.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,
Every root of beauty starts;
So think less about your curls,
More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

Alice Cary.

XX.**MOTHER HUBBARD'S HENS.**

Moth er Hub bard	dis tance	po lite ly	know ing ly
ting-a-ling-a-ling	com fort	crowd ed	won dered
mid sum mer	pre sent ly	shrill	cap tain
quar rel some	spec kled	pleas ure	choic est

I do not think the real Mother Hubbard had any hens, for she spent so much time caring for her dog, I am quite sure he must have been her only pet.

The Mother Hubbard who did have hens was a dear little old lady I met one summer in the country. Her real name was not Mother Hubbard. It was Mrs. Andrews.

I learned to know her by a bell; a sweet little "ting-a-ling-a-ling."

That seems a queer way when you read of it; but it did not seem queer to me. "Ting-a-ling-a-ling" I had heard the little bell ring out across the common, and

I had wondered many a time what it could mean.

There was no school, for it was midsummer and vacation, and no one would be ringing for a meal at such an hour.

I was a stranger in the place, spending a few weeks of the vacation at my aunt's. Too shy to make friends with the boys of the place, I could only watch them from a distance at their merry games.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" I must find out the meaning of the bell. One day I crossed the common, and hiding in a hedge nearby, at the usual hour for the ringing, I peeped around to see what I could see.

Presently, from the back door of a queer little house came a queer little old lady. She had very short skirts and a queer hat, but not so queer as Mother Hubbard's who had the dog. In one hand she held a basket, and in the other a little bell.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling" went the little bell, and lo! from far and near, from barn, and yard, and common, flocked the hens.



MOTHER HUBBARD'S HENS AND CHICKENS.

White hens, black hens, gray hens, speckled hens, till the little "Mother Hubbard," like the old woman in the shoe, had so many chickens she did not know what to do.

They crowded lovingly around her with their happy cackle, and I could hear her talking in soft tones to them. She gently warned the greedy ones, and petted those who seemed to be too late for the best of the feast.

When she turned, with her bright happy face, from her fond brood, I stepped from my hiding-place. Lifting my cap, I said, very politely :

"Please excuse me, but I do like to see them."

No need of other words, for she turned toward me with a sunny smile, and said, "So you shall."

From that day began a firm friendship with Mother Hubbard.

Not a morning came that I was not ready, bright and early, by that kitchen

door, to share the pleasures and duties of the farmyard.

Little Mother Hubbard's life was given to her pets, who were her support.

It was great fun to see her punish the quarrelsome roosters. An afternoon was often spent in catching and putting in a box one that had been fighting. I helped the little Mother, one day, tie some cloth around the sharp spurs of the smart captain of the farmyard; but it was of no use.

Then the hospital! With what care a sickly, puny hen was tended. The softest nest and choicest bits were always ready for her. The saddest day of the summer our lovely white hen died, in spite of the best care. I dug a tiny grave way back in the garden, and, with a little rose by her side, we left her there.

The best of friends must part, and good-by must be said to Mother Hubbard and her hens.

I left her with her flock around her, as if to comfort her for my loss. As the

captain winked knowingly at me, and said his shrill good-by in Cock-a-doodle-doo, my heart answered, "God bless you, Mother Hubbard."

XXI.

ELEPHANTS.

crea tures	di vid ed	Jum bo	Luck now
el e phant	through out	how dah	ex am ple
pa rad ing	nos trils	Ra jah	Dow lah
In di a	Af ri ca	cov ered	ex pe di tion

What great creatures elephants are! You have often seen them parading through the streets; but here you see them in their own country.

The elephants' home is in India or Africa, and they travel in great herds. This must be a herd of tame elephants, for there is a man upon one of them.

The elephant has a large, heavy head. His neck is very short, so that he cannot

reach the ground with his mouth. How does he manage to feed himself?



THE HOME OF THE ELEPHANT.

You all know of his trunk; but what is the trunk? It is really his long nose, and is divided throughout its length into two

nostrils. The trunk is about eight feet long, and the elephant can do a great many things with it.

There is a sort of finger at the end, which he uses for picking up small objects.

The elephant has his great tusks, also, with which to defend himself. Poor elephant! the hunters know how much these tusks are worth, for they are ivory, and hundreds of elephants are hunted, and killed for their tusks and teeth.

His body is covered with a coarse gray skin, which hangs loosely upon him. He belongs to the thick-skinned animals.

If the elephant is treated kindly, he will love his master, and is very gentle. The natives often leave their babies in charge of a tame elephant, and he will rock the cradle, and watch over the little ones with tender care.

You have all heard of "Jumbo," who was first the pet of the little children in England, and afterward came to this country. I have been told that he lost his life



RIDING IN HOWDAH.

in trying to save the baby elephant from being run over by the cars.

Elephants live to be from one to two hundred years old. They are used in the

East for carrying people, who are seated in a howdah on their backs. The driver sits on the elephant's neck, and guides him by his voice and a goad.

The Rajah Dowlah, in the East Indies, was riding an elephant on a hunting expedition at Lucknow. The way lay through a valley, where many sick persons had been brought by their friends to take the air and sunshine.

The cruel ruler thought it would be sport to trample these poor people under foot. He told the driver to urge the elephant on to full speed. The elephant stopped when he reached the sick people. The driver struck him again and again with his goad; but he would not go forward. At last, he lifted the sufferers one by one, with his trunk, and placed them at one side while he passed on. Wasn't he a nice, kind elephant? I hope the cruel ruler let this example teach him a lesson of pity and mercy.

XXII.

THEY GUESSED THEY LIKED EVERYTHING.

in sects
chil dren
skip ping

hun dreds
birth days
wrig gled

sur prise
earth-worms
loos en ing



UST as soon as the rain was over, Willie and Millie ran out into the garden.

Willie and Millie were brother and sister. They would have been twins if they had been given to their mamma in the same year, for their birthdays came on the same day in the same month. But while Willie's was June 15, 1882, Millie's was June 15, 1883. So, you see, Willie was just one year older than Millie.

The garden was quite wet, for it had been raining hard, and the plot of ground that the gardener had been spading and

planting the day before was very soft. In fact, it was mud. Willie slipped off the board walk into this mud, and Millie slipped after him. They scrambled quickly out, but their shoes were a sight to behold.

"Oh! I hate mud," said Willie. "Oh! I hate mud, too," said Millie, when, to their great surprise, many soft little voices called out: "But you must not hate it. It gives food and drink to the seeds that are planted in it, and this food and drink will make them so strong that they will grow into pretty green plants. And the pretty green plants will bear hundreds of lovely flowers."

"Well, then, I don't hate the mud, I like it," said Willie. "And I don't hate the mud, and I like it, too," said Millie.

Then they went skipping along the walk to the well at the other end of the garden. Here they met a toad. He was a big, speckled fellow, with bright eyes.

"Oh! I hate toads," said Willie. "Oh! I hate toads, too," said Millie.

The toad sat up on his hind legs and looked at them sharply. "That's not right," he said, "for toads do a great deal of good in the garden. They catch and eat many insects that would destroy the plants and flowers if they were let alone."

"Well, then, I don't hate toads, I like them," said Willie. "And I don't hate toads, and I like them, too," said Millie.

The toad hopped away, and a big earth-worm wriggled out of the place where it had been sitting, and dragged itself past the children. "Oh! I hate earth-worms," said Willie, stepping quickly back from it. "Oh! I hate earth-worms, too," said Millie.

The earth-worm stopped and turned his head toward them. "You shouldn't hate earth-worms," it said, "for they are of the greatest use. If it were not for them none of the green things could grow. They travel through the ground, breaking the soil and loosening it as they go, so that

the tiny plants, that spring from the seeds, may be able to make their way up to the sunshine."

"Well, then, I don't hate earth-worms, I like them," said Willie. "And I don't hate earth-worms, and I like them, too," said Millie.

"And I guess," Willie went on, "I guess I like everything."

"And I guess," said Millie, "I guess I like everything, too."

Margaret Etyinge.

XXIII.

A SUMMER AFTERNOON.

op po site	car di nal	dis put ing
en joy ing	spikes	in ter est ed
clump	ex act ly	bul rush es
vel vet y	ev i dent ly	old-fash ioned

I was sitting in the meadow one afternoon, not long ago, at a place where there

was a small brook. It was a very hot day. The sky was blue, and white clouds, like great swans, went floating over it, to and fro.

Just opposite me was a clump of green rushes, with dark velvety spikes. Among them, one single tall cardinal flower, which was bending over the brook, as if to see its own beautiful face in the water.

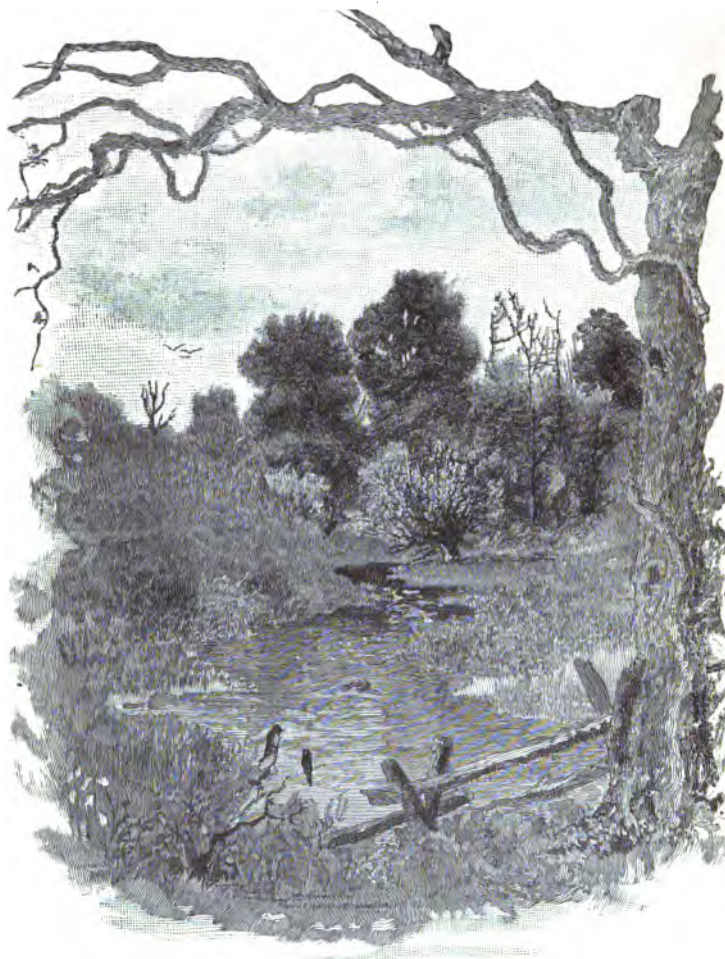
The picture was so pretty that I sat for a long time enjoying it.

Suddenly, close to me, two small voices began to talk, or to sing, for I couldn't tell exactly which.

One voice was shrill; the other, which was a little deeper, sounded very cross.

They were evidently disputing about something, for they said the same words over and over again.

These were the words: "Katy did." "Katy didn't." "She did." "She didn't." "She did." "She didn't." "Did." "Didn't." I think they must have repeated them at least a hundred times.

**THE KATYDIDS' HOME.**

I arose from my seat to see if I could find the speakers; and sure enough, there, on one of the bulrushes, I saw two tiny pale-green creatures. Their eyes seemed to be weak, for they both wore black goggles.

They had six legs apiece: two short ones, two not as short, and two very long. These last legs had joints like the springs to buggy-tops. I watched them.

Soon they began to walk up the rush. I saw that they moved exactly like an old-fashioned gig.

While I was watching them they did not utter a sound, but as soon as my back was turned they began to quarrel again. They said the same words: "Katy did." "Katy didn't." "She did." "She didn't."

On my way home I thought of these strange, tiny little creatures that interested me so much.

I wonder if any of my little readers know what they are? I will tell you. They are a kind of grasshopper, and are

called katydids. They make the sound which seems like voices with their wings.

Sometime when you are in the woods, listen and you may hear them.

XXIV.

UNA AND THE LION.

Ed mund	Spen ser	search ing	slight est
de voured		po em	fi nal ly
lan guage		dense	de fend ing
in no cent		thick est	sav age

Over three hundred years ago, there lived an English poet whose name was Edmund Spenser.

He wrote a wonderful poem called "The Fairy Queen." You would find the spelling of it very strange, for language changes as time goes by.

In this poem there was a lovely lady, who was searching for her lover. This



UNA AND THE LION.

lady's name was Una, and she was as brave and true as she was beautiful.

One day, being very tired, she lay down to rest in the shade of a dense forest.

Now it happened that there was a savage lion in the thickest part of the woods.

As soon as he caught sight of Una, he ran leaping toward her with his great mouth open. Una expected to be devoured by the fierce beast; but, as he drew near her, he forgot his greedy hunger.

She was so innocent and beautiful that the lion felt her power. Creeping up to her, he kissed her tired feet and hands. When she mounted her white steed again, the lion would not leave her. He followed wherever she went, to keep her from danger.

When she slept he watched over her, and when she awoke he was ready to obey her slightest wish.

At one time, when seeking shelter in a humble cottage, she was rudely shut out by a maiden. The lion with his strong

claws tore the door open, and let his mistress in. At another time he killed a thief who attacked her.

After many long and weary journeys, Una found her lover. The faithful lion would not leave her even then, but still watched over the lovely lady, till finally he gave his life in defending hers.

XXV.

BETTY AND THE BUTTERCUP.

birth day	pre sent ed	mar i golds
But ter cup	fore head	morn ing-glo ries
in vi ta tion	old-fash ioned	dis ap point ed
hand some	de light ed	hol ly hocks

Little Betty lived in an old farmhouse. She had no brothers or sisters, and so her father and mother gave her some chickens, ducks, kittens and a little dog.

One night, after Betty had gone to bed, her mother said to her father, "John,

to-morrow is our little girl's birthday, and I haven't any present for her."

"That is too bad!" said her father. "The dear little girl will be so disappointed. Can you not think of something for her?"

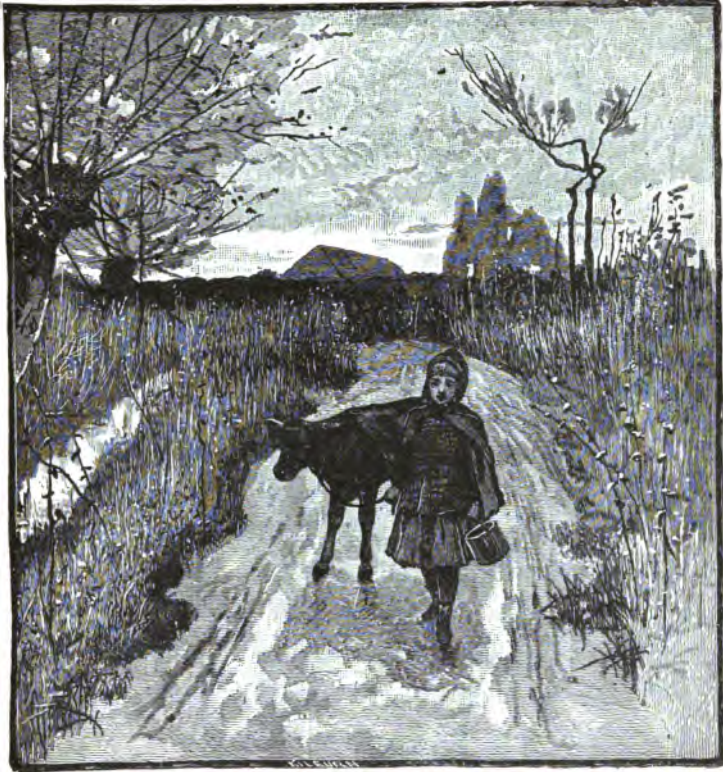
"No; I have tried my best, but I have nothing in the house that will do for a birthday present."

"Oh! I have thought of just the right thing," said her father. "Tom says the Jersey cow has a handsome calf. He shall bring it here the first thing in the morning, and Betty shall have it for her birthday present."

How happy the little girl was when the baby calf was presented to her! She kissed its pretty forehead, and tied a blue ribbon around its neck.

Betty named the calf "Buttercup." It soon knew its name, and would follow her around the farm.

Her grandmother lived in an old-fashioned house about a mile away. She had



BETTY AND BUTTERCUP GO A-VISITING.

such a pretty garden, with tall hollyhocks, marigolds and pink-and-white morning-glories. Behind the garden was an orchard, where there was a row of

beehives. Everybody said grandmamma's honey was the best.

One morning, Betty found a note from grandmamma inviting her and Buttercup to tea in the afternoon.

She was delighted with the invitation. Early in the afternoon, Betty, in her Sunday dress, and Buttercup, with a fresh ribbon around her neck, started for grandmamma's.

Grandmamma had a little table set in the garden for herself and Betty. Buttercup was tied near by, in the prettiest patch of white clover. They had a very happy time.

Buttercup grew to be a fine cow, and Betty never forgot her happy birthday.



XXVI.

THE WASP.

peo ple
med dled
in sect
lar væ

buz zing
dis likes
gauz y
pre vent

mud-dauber
cat er pil lars
bad tem pered
wrap ped



Many people think that the wasp is an ugly, bad-tempered insect, who does nothing in the world but sting little children. She will sting when she is meddled with. She dislikes a meddler.

When she is buzzing about, she is busy making a home for her young.

I watched one at work the other day. She had chosen a place near an open window to make a little clay hut with an opening at one end. In her house she has a hall, a room and a bed.

She makes her bed of fine sawdust. She saws the wood into fine dust with two small sharp saws, then mixes it with glue from her mouth. When she takes it home, she spreads it out with her feet. It dries into fine gray paper. With that she papers her house, so it will be warm and dry.

In the bed she places two tiny rolls of something like cotton-wool. Each roll is wrapped in a brown gauzy blanket. These are the wasp's babies, their larvæ.

The wasp is a worm before she get her wings and sting.

Mrs. Wasp is very cross, but she is wise. She kills caterpillars, flies and spiders, and takes them home for her little ones.

When the little babies come out of their beds they are alone, and so the mother wasp leaves them something to eat. She closes up the door of her little house with a lump of mud, and never comes back. What do you think these baby wasps do? They stay in the house until they are large enough to dig their way out and fly away.

Some wasps build their nests in a tree. These nests are made of paper. They have many rooms in their nest. They are like cells in a honey-comb.

One kind of wasp is a mason, and makes her house of mud. She brings the mud in little balls, and builds her house of them.

There is a black wasp that is called a mud-dauber. She builds her house of mud, also. I have heard of a little boy who broke one of these mud houses

thirty-two times, and the wasp built it again each time. This kind of wasp does not leave her baby alone.

There are many kinds of wasps, but most of them die in the winter. Only a few live to come out in the spring to build new houses.



UMBRELLA-SHAPED NEST.

They seem to know they must nearly all die when frost comes, so the old wasps look into the cells, and kill all eggs, grubs and half-grown wasps. Why do you think they do that?

They kill them quickly to prevent their dying of hunger and cold.

Some wise people do not feel sure that the wasps kill the little ones this way.

XXVII.

WILLIAM TELL.

Switz er land	de liv ered	trem bled
Swiss	cap tured	Aus tri an
Gess ler	ex e cuted	dis o be di ence
breath less	em bed ded	for tu nate ly

Do you know this story? Hundreds of years ago, Switzerland was under the rule of wicked Gessler, and he ordered his cap to be placed on a pole, that every Swiss

should bow to it. William Tell refused to obey this order, and urged the people to throw off the Austrian power. So Gessler ordered the great bowman to his presence, and told him he deserved death for his disobedience, but that he would let him off if he would hit, with his arrow, an apple, which he then placed on young Tell's head. The poor father trembled and almost fainted, but the little boy tried to comfort his father, and said: "O, father! you will not hit me. You shoot the birds on the wing at a great distance. O, father! don't you remember the weathercock?"

The boy was placed against a tree—the poor father's eyes were so blinded he could not see the apple. The crowd were almost breathless. At last courage came! the arrow flew from the bow, the apple was in two, and the arrow embedded in the tree! All shouted for joy; and Gessler, when Tell came to him, said: "I see another arrow. What is that for?"

"It was for you, had I killed my child,"

replied Tell. Gessler then ordered him to be seized and executed, but fortunately Tell escaped, though afterward was recaptured. He finally killed the tyrant Gessler, and delivered his country.

XXVIII.

JACK IN THE PULPIT.

Jack in the pulpit
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.
Come, hear what his reverence
Rises to say
In his low painted pulpit
This calm Sabbath day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,

Penciled by Nature's hand,
Black, brown and green.
Green is his surplice,
Green are his bands ;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.
In black and gold velvet,
So gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice .
The chorister bee.
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind-lyres —
Low singing bird voices —
These are his choirs.
The violets are deacons
I know by the sign
That the cups which they carry
Are purple with wine,
And the columbines bravely
As sentinels stand
On the lookout with all their
Red trumpets in hand.
Meek-faced anemones
Drooping and sad ;



Great yellow violets,
Smiling out glad;
Buttercup's faces
Beaming and
bright;
Clovers, with bon-
nets —
Some red and some
white;
Daisies, their white
fingers
Half-clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair;
Innocents, children
Guileless and frail,

Meek little faces
Upturned and pale ;
Wild-wood geranium,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning
In purple gauze dressed ;
All are assembled
This sweet Sabbath-day
To hear what the priest
In his pulpit will say.
Look ! white Indian pipes
On the green mosses lie !
Who has been smoking
Profanely so nigh ?
Rebuked by the preacher
The mischief is stopped,
But the sinners, in haste
Have their little pipes dropped.
Let the wind with the fragrance
Of fern and black birch,
Blow the smell of the smoking
Clean out of our church !
So much for the preacher :
The sermon comes next —

Shall we tell how he preached it
And what was his text?
Alas! like too many
Grown-up folks who play
At worship in churches
Man-built to-day —
We heard not the preacher
Expound or discuss;
But we looked at the people,
And they looked at us.
We saw all their dresses,
Their colors and shapes;
The trim of their bonnets,
The cut of their capes.
We heard the wind-organ,
The bee and the bird,
But of Jack in the Pulpit
We heard not a word!

Whittier's Child Life.



XXIX.

ABOUT A FLY.

per haps	hol low	dif fer ent
pane	sub stance	fair y
asked	press es	moist ened
cov ered	sock ets	moist ure

Fannie was standing at the window looking out at the snow. She was wishing it would stop snowing so she could go out to walk. Just then a fly came walking over the pane. "Auntie," called Fannie, "here is a fly left over from last summer."

"Perhaps he thinks it is not winter yet. It is so warm in here, and he has the plants to play in," said auntie.

"How can he walk up the pane?" asked Fannie.

"Flies' feet are covered with tiny hairs, which are hollow and are full of a sticky substance. When they put their feet down a little of this presses out and keeps them from falling," said auntie.

"Their eyes," she went on, "do not move in their sockets as yours and mine do. But they are made up of hundreds of small eyes, and each of these small eyes looks a different way."

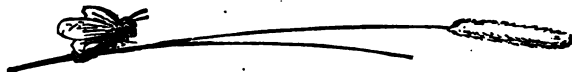
"It's just like a fairy story," cried Fannie.

"It's better, because it is all true," said auntie.

Then she put some moistened sugar on the window-sill to let Fannie see how Mr. Fly would eat.

"His mouth is a hollow tube. You see how he puts it down to the sugar and draws the moisture up through it."

"Flies are great eaters, and they spend their time all summer long tasting everything that comes in their way."



XXX.

THE STORY OF THESEUS.

Part I.

The seus	strength	hilt	en chant ress
roy al	proud ly	mount ains	pun ished
pal ace	Ath ens	sand als	poi son ous



None of the old cities of Greece, there lived a little boy, named Theseus. His grandfather was king of the city, so little Theseus and his mother lived with him in the royal palace.

Near the palace was a beautiful grove. Theseus used to spend much of his time in this grove with his mother. She would tell him stories about his father, who was a very brave man. He was then king of a city far away in another part of Greece.

Theseus loved to hear these stories, and often wished he could see his father.

One day he had been begging his mother to write for his father to come home. "No, my dear son," she said, "your father will never come. He is king over a large kingdom, and cannot be spared."

"Well," said Theseus, "if he cannot come to see me, why may I not go to him? You say he lives at Athens. I can find my way to that city."

"Sometime you may go," said his mother. "Wait until you are big and strong."

"How long must I wait?" asked Theseus.

"You may go, my son, when you can move this rock beside you," said his mother.

Theseus, wishing to show his strength, began pulling at the rock, but of course could not move it.

Every day he tried his strength on the rock, and each day he found he could move it a little more. At last the rock gave way and rolled out upon the grass.

"Now the time has come for you to go to your father," said his mother proudly; "see what he left for you under this rock."

Theseus looked, and saw in the hollow place in the earth, a box. In the box was a sword with a golden hilt, and a pair of golden sandals.

"These," said his mother, "were your father's. When he went away to be king of Athens, he placed them here. He told me when you were big and strong enough to move this rock, to give them to you, and send you to him. Take them, my son, and may you be as brave and strong as was your father in his youth."

Theseus soon started on his journey. His way led through dense forests filled with wild beasts, and over mountains, where there lived many wicked robbers.

When at last Theseus reached Athens, his father did not know him.

A wicked enchantress told the king that a young man was coming to kill him. Of

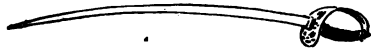
course the king was very angry, and said the youth should be punished.

Theseus called to see the king, and while talking with him, the king passed him a golden cup. In this cup was a poisonous drink. Just as Theseus was about to take the cup, the king spied the golden hilt and the golden sandals.

“My son! my son!” cried he; and dropping the golden cup he fell into the arms of Theseus.

The wicked old enchantress, knowing that she would be punished for her wrong, ran from the room, and was never seen again in Greece.

Theseus lived with his father very happily for a long time. The great king was very proud of such a brave and good son.



XXXI.

THE STORY OF THESEUS.

Part II.

rea son	ter ri ble	hor ri ble	Min o taur
or dered	re leased	is land	pris on ers
rigged	en tered	hast ened	fast ened

One morning when Theseus went into the city, he found every one looking sad. He was told that this was the day when twelve beautiful maidens and twelve brave youths were to be sent to the Minotaur.

“What is that?” asked Theseus.

“It is a terrible beast, to whom maidens and youths have to be sent once a year to be eaten,” said one of the youths.

He replied, “I will be one of the youths. I am sure I can kill the Minotaur.”

In a few days they all set sail in a large vessel rigged with black sails. Soon they reached the island where the Minotaur lived. Theseus went to the king of the

island, and said to him, "I have come to kill the Minotaur."

"You've come to be killed by the Minotaur, you mean," said the king.

He ordered all the youths and maidens to be put into prison.

The king had a beautiful daughter, who felt very sorry for the poor prisoners. She wanted to help them. She heard what Theseus had said to her father, and thought him very brave.

In the night she went to Theseus, and said she would lead him to the cave where the Minotaur was kept. He went with her, and soon they arrived at the cave.

As he entered, the king's daughter fastened a golden thread about his arm. With this she could lead him out when he had killed the Minotaur.

The paths leading into the cave were so winding, that no one entering could ever find his way out alone.

The Minotaur came bounding toward Theseus as he caught sight of him. They

had a terrible fight, but Theseus killed him. He came forth from the cave, led by the golden thread which the king's daughter had fastened to his arm.

He hastened to the ship, and there found the youths and maidens. The beautiful daughter of the king had released them from prison. They rowed away, and were far out upon the ocean before the king found out what had been done.

How happy they were to have escaped such a horrible death! They all thanked the brave youth, who, by his courage, had saved their lives.



XXXII.

A VERY HOT DAY.

The mother robins are talking loud;
The baby robins are waking;
Soft little breezes fly through the trees,
And all the leaves are shaking.





THE FOURTH OF JULY

Whiz! Bang! What a dreadful noise they
make —

Those boys that are passing by ;
Rover, the dog, runs to hide himself,
For this is the Fourth of July.



XXXIII.

A VERY COLD DAY.

Jack Frost has been painting the window-
panes,
And Ethel's fingers has bitten ;
The milk-man brings us some frozen milk,
And rubs his ear with his mitten —

The white, white earth looks up to the sky,
And smiles in the rosy dawning,
And merry greetings ring on the air
For this is the Christmas Morning.

XXXIV.

MISS VELVET.

Part I.

cush ions	straight en ing	prin cess,es
car riage	Jen nie McVean	leis ure
lux u ries	su pe ri or	Don ald
wher ev er	par tic u lar	con ver sa tion

“I wish I enjoyed it,” said Miss Lily, leaning back among the cushions of her carriage, and giving a sigh. “I wish so much that something would happen to give me a few minutes of real enjoyment,” she added.

Poor Miss Lily! she was well named. Her face was almost as white as a lily, but

under her large brown eyes were lines such as only pain can make. Miss Lily was rich, and surrounded with luxuries; but her father's money, though it bought for her everything it could, could not pay the price of health. Miss Lily was sick and discouraged. She rode out every morning, but there was seldom anybody at leisure to go with her—at least anyone whom Lily wanted. She had long ago ceased to enjoy her rides. She went from what she called “a sense of duty,” because the doctor told her that she must take exercise in the open air every day.

This morning she had her horses turned in the direction of the small florist's who lived just in the edge of the village, because her mother wanted an errand done there. She had not heard the conversation which had taken place between Jennie and Bob, the florist's children, just before her carriage appeared in sight.

“Here is a pansy dressed in velvet,” said Jennie. “All in velvet, with the

prettiest little bits of yellow plush for trimming. Oh! she is a lovely creature. She ought to be taken a ride in a carriage, like Miss Lily, only she isn't sick like her, she is very well indeed; but then, fine ladies ride out in carriages, and if ever there was a fine lady, Miss Velvet Pansy is one. Bob, I wish you would get me a large grasshopper and harness him to a lovely large ivy leaf, so that my lady can go to ride."

"Ho!" said Bob, with his hands in his pockets and an air of superior wisdom, "what a silly you are, Jennie McVean. Anybody would think, to hear you go on, that pansies and roses and tulips were men and women."

"Well, they are—my kind of men and women. They are queens and kings and princesses. Don't they dress up all the time, and do nothing but sit in parlors, and look lovely, and smile, and breathe out sweet things? Take care, Bob, you'll step on the baby's toes, and he won't

breathe out sweet things then. I say, will you get me a grasshopper, a real large one? no; two of them—small ones, like ponies, that will be grander yet. I have set my heart on taking my lady, Miss Velvet, a ride in a carriage. O, father! there is Miss Lily's carriage coming up the road. Father, she is coming here. I wish my dear Miss Velvet could take a ride with her! Wouldn't that be lovely, to give her a ride in a truly carriage? Couldn't I ask her, father? Maybe she is coming this way again on her way home, and would bring Miss Velvet back."

"What are you talking about, child?" asked the busy florist, straightening himself, and brushing away the earth from his apron, preparing to go down the road to meet Miss Lily's carriage.

"What notion will you get next?" said the father, with a good-natured laugh. "You do beat all for notions, that's a fact. A body would think you were the child of some fairy, instead of belonging to

Donald McVean. Why, child, how could you ask a lady like that to take the trouble to stop and give back a pansy? She is used to hundreds of them at once."

"I know, father, but this is a particular one. This is my dear Miss Velvet, a prin-



cess in exile; she has left her own beautiful carriage behind her, and she would so like a ride in Miss Lily's. When she gets back to her palace she could repay Miss Lily."

The old gardener shook with laughter. "You're an odd one," he said. "Wherever you got your head full of such fancies is

more than I can tell. You must have got it from the flowers themselves. Tell her about it, if she gives you a chance ; it may put a smile on her face for a few minutes, poor thing."

XXXV.

MISS VELVET.

Part II.

ac cus tomed	com pan ion	sin gu lar
puz zled	act u al ly	hes i tat ed
re quest	tim id ly	oc curred
as ton ish	av e nue	anx ious

So that was the way it came about that Jennie, in her long white apron, stood at the side of the low carriage, and held out to Miss Lily a great golden and purple pansy, and made her singular request.

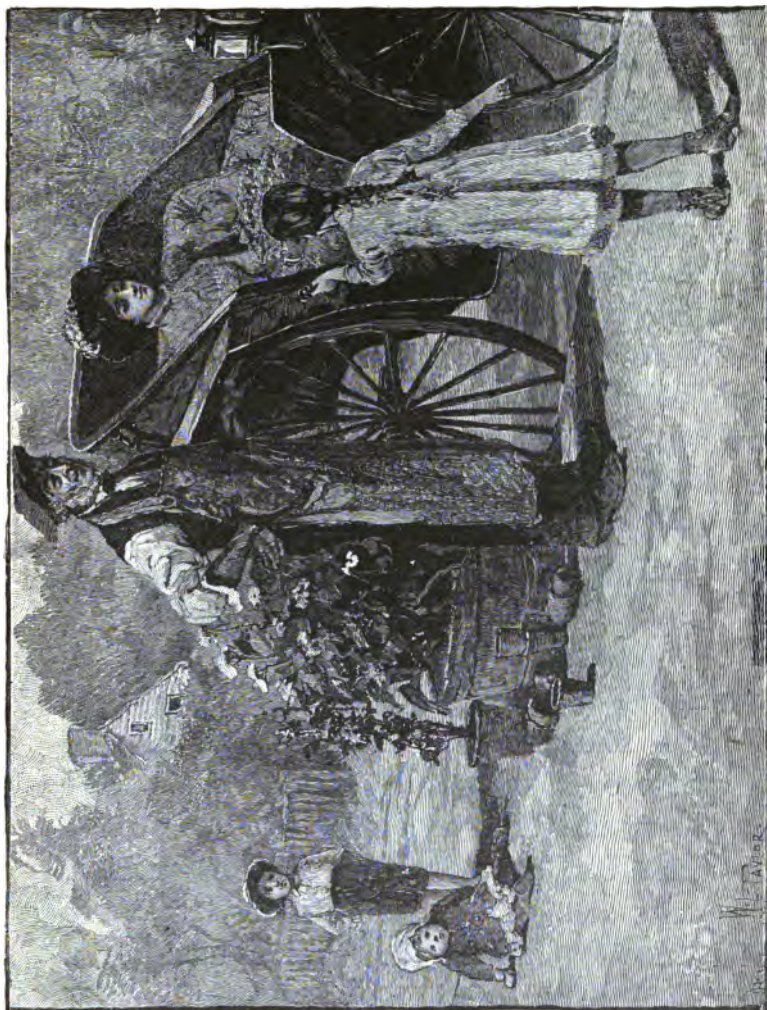
"What is it?" asked Miss Lily, leaning forward with a puzzled face, as the timid

voice tried to explain. "I do not understand; who is a princess in exile? The flower? Why, child! what an idea! She is dressed like one, I am sure. From what court does she come, and what brought her away?"

Jennie hesitated; this was going very deeply into her inner life, finding thoughts which she never told Bob, nor even to father; but Miss Lily waited, with a look of real interest on her face, so the answer was given timidly: "I think she came from Heaven, ma'am. God made her, you know, and I think she came to help us down here."

"What an idea!" said Miss Lily, drawing a long breath of surprise. "And are you her waiting-maid? What a child you are! So you want her to have a ride in a carriage? I am afraid it is not like what she is accustomed to, but get in, and we will try its effect upon her."

"Me, ma'am?" said Jennie, opening her blue eyes very wide, and drawing back



"WHAT IS IT?" ASKED MISS LILY.

from the carriage. "O, no! I was speaking of the princess. I never rode in carriages, ma'am."

"But you must go with her, of course," said Miss Lily, actually laughing, "since you are her waiting-maid; princesses never ride out without their maids, you know. Jump in, my dear, and let us drive to the glen; that is real fairyland, and my lady will surely feel at home. Never mind a hat; it is shady all the way to the glen, and, besides, we can have the carriage top raised, if we choose."

Jennie's cheeks were pretty to see, and Bob's eyes opened wide.

"O, ma'am!" said Jennie eagerly, "it would be too lovely; but then I can't, for I have the baby in charge, and all the princesses in the garden can do better without me than he can."

"Oh! the baby? Where is he? Why, he looks almost wise enough to take care of himself. Cannot you leave him for a little while?"

Then Donald McVean, who had stood an amused listener to this talk, took a step forward. "If you really mean it, ma'am, we'll look after the baby—Bob and me. I'd like right well for my girl to have a ride in a carriage; it would be a thing for her to remember. She never stepped her foot into a carriage in her life."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Miss Lily, and this seemed to astonish her almost as much as the story of the princess.

What a ride it was! certainly Miss Lily will remember it all her life, whether Jennie does or not. What a strange, sweet, pleasant talk they had. How easy it was for Jennie McVean to see her Heavenly Father's hand not only in all his flowers, but in all his dealings. It had not once occurred to her to complain, because Miss Lily rode always in a carriage, and she went on foot.

"I'm going to the palace one of these days, you know," she said simply, "then

I shall have all beautiful things: oh! more beautiful, it says, than I can imagine, and it seems almost hard to believe that, for we can imagine such beautiful things, you know."

"Can we?" said Miss Lily.

"Why, yes, ma'am! When God made all the flowers, and the grass, and the leaves on the trees, and the dew, just for fun, you know, or to please us, down here—oh! and the rainbow, and lots of wonderful things. Why, it helps us, don't you think, to wonder it all out—how it will be up there?"

"I have enjoyed myself," she said to her mother two hours later, when her ponies trotted down the avenue leading to her home, and the mother came out to meet her.

"And to think that I have been away more than two hours! They are the shortest two hours I have spent in months."

"Dear child," said the mother, "you have quite a color in your cheeks. I was

growing anxious when I found how late it was. Where have you been?"

"To the glen; and I had a charming little companion — Jennie, the florist's daughter. Mother, she was really never in a carriage before; but this will by no means be the last time. I mean to take her with me often. She is just a darling — she and her friend. Oh! there were three of us: 'Miss Velvet' went, too."

And then Miss Lily burst into a merry laugh, which sounded like music to her mother's ear.



XXXVI.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTHLAND.

Away, away in the Northland,
Where the hours of the day are few,
And the nights are so long in winter,
They cannot sleep them through ;

Where they harness the swift reindeer
To the sledges, when it snows ;
And the children look like bear's cubs
In their funny, furry clothes,

They tell them a curious story —
I don't believe 'tis true ;
And yet you may learn a lesson
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter
Lived in the world below,
And walked about it, preaching,
Just as he did, you know ;

He came to the door of a cottage,
In traveling round the earth,
Where a little woman was baking cakes,
And baking them on the hearth ;

And being faint with fasting,
For the day was almost done,
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,
But, as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
And still a smaller one ;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
And rolled and rolled it flat ;
And baked it thin as a wafer—
But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, " My cakes that seem too small
- When I eat of them myself,
Are yet too large to give away,
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,"
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said: " You are far too selfish
To dwell in a human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

" Now, you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard dry wood."

Then up she went through the chimney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same,
But all the rest of her clothes were burned
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country schoolboy
Has seen her in the wood ;
Where she lives in the trees till this very
day,
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches :
Live not for yourselves alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,
Listen to pity's call ;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,
And try to be kind and good,
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress,
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird, though
 you live
 As selfishly as you can;
 But you will be changed to a smaller
 thing—
 A mean and selfish man.

Phæbe Cary.

XXXVII.

WATER LILIES AND TURTLES.

Part I.

fi nal ly	Har old	re mem ber	pier
yacht ing	re la tions	ju bi lant	Ralph
glid ing	an swered	to ward	tur tle

Ralph and Harry are spending the summer on the shores of a beautiful lake. They had a pretty little row boat for their own use, and were getting to be very good oarsmen.

Mamma had made them each a yacht-



IN HIS NEW YACHTING SUIT.

ing suit, and they looked quite like little sailors.

One day mamma had a severe headache, and she told the boys not to disturb

her, for she must take a nap. They promised to take the best of care of each other, and, after kissing her very gently, ran out to play.

"Say, Ralph!" said Harry, as they were going down the steps of the hotel, "let's row over to South Cove after water lilies for mamma."

"So we will!" said Ralph. "It will please her, and we haven't brought her any for over two weeks."

They ran quickly to the pier, and were just about to push off, when Harold Moore appeared, carrying a pail.

"Hold on, boys!" he cried. "See what I have!" The boys waited, and Harold showed them a little turtle.

"Isn't he a beauty?" cried Ralph. "Where did you get him?"

"I found him on Diamond Island. He was taking a walk along the shore. I picked him up pretty quickly, I tell you."

"Let's go there right away," said Harry. "We might find one, too."



A BEAUTIFUL WATER GARDEN LAY BEFORE THEM.

“All right,” said Ralph, and they were soon gliding over the water.

“But, Harry, don’t you remember? We were going for water lilies for mamma.”

“O, dear! I forgot all about that,” said

Harry. "Let's do that some other time. I want to hunt for a turtle. You see, Ralph, some of that turtle's relations will be out looking for him, and it will be just the time to catch one. Think how pleased the two turtles will be to see each other."

"I know it," Ralph answered; "but think of mamma's smile when she sees us with the lilies. She does so much for us if we are sick, and we can do so little for her."

"That is so, Ralph;" and Harry began to turn the boat toward South Cove. It was a very long row, but they finally reached the little bay.

It was a beautiful water garden which lay before them, and the boys were soon eagerly engaged in gathering all the lilies they could find.

"We must have some of the pads, too," said Harry; and they pulled up several by their pink stems.

All at once Ralph gave a shout. "Do look over on that big lily pad!" Harry

looked at once, and there was the prettiest little turtle, about the size of a silver half-dollar.

They caught him without any trouble, and rowed home, feeling very happy over their prize.

XXXVIII.

WATER LILIES AND TURTLES.

Part II.

watch ing	ar ranged	re fresh ing
mis sion	un self ish	Di a mond
ad mired	Isl and	be cause

Mamma was watching for them, on the pier. She had had a quiet, refreshing nap, and was feeling quite like herself.

"Why, you dear boys!" she said. "Did you get these lilies for me? How lovely they are!"

"We knew you would like them," said

Ralph ; "and just see what we have found !
A turtle ! a turtle ! He is alive, too !"

Mamma admired the turtle to their hearts' content, and arranged some stones in a glass dish of water, for him to live in.

When mamma went into the boys' room that night, to give them a good-night kiss, Harry said : " Mamma, I'm very sorry, but I came near not getting those lilies for you. I wanted to go to Diamond Island to hunt for a turtle."

" But you did go, dear," said his mother :
" and I am glad you were so unselfish."

" Mamma, wasn't that God's turtle, and didn't He let us have it because we tried to do right ?" said Ralph.

" I think He did," said mamma, " for He is always pleased when we are unselfish."

The next morning, when the sun arose, there sprang up to greet him as many more white lilies with golden centers, as the boys had found the day before. I hope their mission was as sweet. Don't you ?

XXXIX.

POOR DICK.

laugh ter
shad ow

so ber
suit

mer chant
ar range

no tice
clothes



HE bell rang for recess in the village school. The children rushed out into the bright sunshine, wild with laughter and fun.

Among them was a little boy named Dick, who came out very slowly. He did not laugh, for he was in trouble.

Walking across the yard, he sat down on a stone behind an old oak-tree. A bird on the highest branch sang a sweet song.

Dick did not notice him. He was watching the shadows that the branches of the tree threw on the board fence, thinking of the cruel words that had been said about his ragged clothes, and the hole in the knee of his pants.

Then the tears stole out of his eyes, and chased each other down his cheeks.

Poor Dick had no father, and his mother worked hard to keep him at school.

After school that day, Dick went home by the path that led across the fields and through the edge of the woods, feeling sad. He did not wish his mother to see that he had been crying, so he threw himself on the green moss.

Just then his teacher came along. She saw him, and stopped, saying kindly, "What is the trouble, Dick?"

Dick did not speak, but the tears once more began a race down his cheeks.

"Won't you please tell me, Dick? Perhaps I can help you;" and she sat down on the moss beside him.

Then he told her all his trouble; how he wanted to help his mother, and earn some money for a suit of clothes. When he had finished, she said cheerfully, "I have a plan, Dick, that I think will help you."

"Oh! if it would how happy I should be!" he said, sitting up with a bright look of hope, while the last tear trickled off his nose, and fell splash on a wee blue violet.

From that little violet came the plan of help for Dick.

"How would you like to be a little flower merchant?" asked his teacher.

"And earn money?"

"Yes;" said his teacher.

"That would be very nice, but where shall I get my flowers?" and he looked sober again.

"In these woods and in the fields. Here are some lovely blue violets; down by the brook are white ones, and pink-and-white flowers. Among the rocks are ferns and mosses. Just gather a great many of them. Bring them to my house, and I will help you arrange them."

Day after day Dick hunted the woods for the prettiest flowers and the most dainty ferns and mosses. After his teacher

had helped to arrange them, he took them to the city near by, and sold them. Now when the birds sing in the tree-tops, he answers with a gay laugh.

After a time he earned money enough to buy the longed-for suit of clothes. That made him very happy.

XL.

THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

They tell the story of a man
Who roamed the wide world over,
And spent his whole life trying
To find a four-leaved clover.

For this, once found, would bring him
peace
And happiness forever;
And so he roamed and sought in vain;
He found the treasure never.

Till, coming home, a tired old man,
Discouraged and downhearted,
He threw himself upon the ground,
But quick again upstarted ;

For there, before his own house-door,
And spread the whole field over,
Were growing fragrant bunches of
The long-sought, four-leaved clover.

Dear heart, there comes the truest joy
To those who seek it never ;
And happiness, in duty's field,
Rewards the doer ever.

N. Earle, in "Youth's Companion."



XLI.

A VERY SLY FELLOW.

Part I.

fright ened	Bridg et	drag gled	Mor ris
pa tient ly	mis chiev ous	roamed	wisps
strewed	midst	i ron ing	ban jo

Right here at the start, I must tell you that this story is true. It really happened in a city whose name commenced with B, and it is not Boston.

It was a clear, wintry afternoon when it happened, and the children of the street were playing over in the sunshine.

There was a long row of houses on either side of this street, which is one rather sad thing about cities. In one of the houses Morris Bell and his friend Jack were having a royal good time together. They were quite by themselves, too, for Morris's mamma had gone down town, and the servants were busy ironing in the kitchen.

"I think it's splendid to be left all alone," said Jack, as they roamed through the house.

"I think so too," replied Morris. "I wouldn't have a nurse for anything."

Morris showed Jack all his Uncle Will's neckties, and a great many other things as well. Both of them tried their hand on his new banjo, but one of the strings broke, with a very loud noise, and frightened them out of his room and back to the nursery.

Very soon Morris's mamma came home. "Where are the boys?" she asked as Bridget shut the front door.

"Oh! they're in the nursery now, Mrs. Bell, but there isn't a place in the house where they haven't been, even into Mary's and my bonnet boxes."

Morris's mamma gave a troubled little sigh as she patiently followed Bridget from room to room. Oh! such mischievous work as met her on every side. Pin-cushions ripped open; bottles emptied and



MRS. BELL GOES AWAY.

bottles with their corks pulled out ; burnt matches strewn about the floor, and the broken banjo string. In the servant's rooms there were wisps of straw, and

dragged bits of flowers and feathers and ribbons—all that was left of the poor girls' bonnets.

The boys were in the midst of their play, when Mrs. Bell came into the room. "Why, Morris! Why, Jack!" she said very gravely.

Morris hung his head very low.

"I must go home now," said Jack.

"Indeed you must not do anything of the kind," said Mrs. Bell; and she made the boys sit down, one on either side of her, on the sofa.

"I did not mean to do it," said Morris.

"And I did not touch it at all," added Jack.

"Did not mean to do it, Morris! Did not mean to do all that! And what is it, Jack, which you said you did not touch?"

"Why, the banjo!" answered Jack.

"The string broke of itself, mamma," Morris explained, "and I was afraid to lift it back into the case. I thought Uncle Will would rather we wouldn't touch it."

"But the banjo is the least part of the mischief, Morris, as you know very well. I never heard of such naughty, naughty boys in all my life."

Morris was crying now, and Jack was kicking the side of the sofa very hard with the heels of his boots.

XLII.

A VERY SLY FELLOW.

Part II.

a stride	mis be hav ior	af fairs	gaz ing
med dling	grinned	for eign	ul ster
pig eons	braid ing	strode	af ghan

"Why did you go into the girls' room at all, Morris? You know they do not like it."

"I only wanted to show Jack the pigeons on the Jones's roof," sobbed Morris.

"And who was the one who took the bonnets out of the boxes?"

"Neither of us did that, Mrs. Bell," answered Jack.

"So neither of you did that, Jack; and I suppose neither of you burnt all those matches, nor upset the bottles, nor indeed did any of the other very naughty things."

"No, mamma, we didn't," Morris answered stoutly.

Mrs. Bell looked very much surprised.

"Boys," she said, "it is very, very wrong to tell a lie about it; yes, a lie!" for neither Jack nor Morris would own up to any misbehavior beyond the meddling with the banjo.

"You may go now, Jack," Mrs. Bell said at last; "but, remember: I must come in to-morrow and tell your mother, unless you come back and confess to your share of the mischief."

"I do not think I will ever come into this house again," said Jack, as he strode out of the room with his rubber boots

tucked under his arm, and the belt of his little ulster flying out behind him.

After a supper of bread and milk, with never a taste of cake or jam, Morris was put to bed a whole hour earlier than his bedtime. At first he thought he would be awake all night; but he must have changed his mind about that, for he fell asleep in two minutes, and he found affairs in a much happier state when he woke.

It chanced, the next morning, that Morris's sister Lou stood braiding her hair in front of the window, instead of the looking-glass, so instead of seeing another blue-eyed Lou gazing back at her, she looked right through it, and saw—what do you think? A live monkey sitting astride the fence in the yard below, and staring about in the queerest fashion. Lou ran to her mother's door: "O, mamma!" she cried, "look out the back window, quick, quick!"

Mrs. Bell stepped to the window, and then ran straight into Morris's room.



THE SLY FELLOW WHO DID THE MISCHIEF.

"O, Morris!" she cried, "mamma knows now that her little boy didn't do it," waking him up from the soundest little nap.

"Didn't do what?" said Morris, rubbing his sleepy eyes.

"Why, all the mischief. A monkey did it, Morris; a monkey!"

"A monkey?" cried Morris, for that was enough to wake him right up. Then Mrs. Bell huddled him up in an afghan and carried him to have a look at the sly fellow.

The monkey looked up at Morris and grinned, as much as to say, "Well, didn't I get you into a pretty fix?"

"I suppose he belongs to some one and has run away," said Lou. "I'll run down and open the door of the back porch, then perhaps he'll come in, and we'll keep him."

"O, no! don't keep him," urged Morris, "because mamma could never tell what things the monkey did, and what things Jack and I did, and it's very hard to have nothing but bread and milk for your supper when you've only broken a banjo string."

"Morris," said Mrs. Bell, "mamma will never doubt your word again. But Lou only meant to keep him until we found his owner."

So they opened the door of the back porch, and after a while in walked Mr. Monkey. Then Bridget ran up from outside and shut him in. At first he jumped around as if he did not know what to make of it, but suddenly spying the children's hammock, he swung himself into it and lay very still for a long time.

"Perhaps he is sleepy," said Morris.

"Of course he is," answered Lou. "I guess you'd be sleepy, too, if you had been out all night."

Just then some one gave the bell a good strong pull. Morris ran and opened the door, and there stood a foreign-looking little gentleman.

"Can you tell me, my little fellow, if my monkey has been in this house?" he asked in broken English.

"O, yes! he's been here, and he's here

now," Morris replied, leading the way to the hammock.

"I hope he has not done much mischief," said the gentleman.

"O, yes! he has," Morris answered frankly; "he did so much mischief they thought it must be I, and put me to bed early, with only bread and milk for my supper."

They found the monkey fast asleep in the hammock. His owner gave him two or three pokes with his cane, and he opened his round black eyes. He knew his master at once, and, with the funniest grin, leaped on to his shoulders, fastening his hairy little paws tightly round his neck as though he never meant to let go.

"I will look to it that he runs away not soon again," said the gentleman, as he left the house.

"Then you had better tie him up very tightly, sir, with a very strong chain," advised Morris, closing the door with an honest little sigh of relief.

XLIII.

A STRANGE ISLAND.

Part I.

fa mous	sur prised	Go tham
dis cov ered	spec ta cles	cu ri ous
balm i ly	com menced	man aged
float ing	hand ker chief	sel dom

One day I lay rocking in my boat, reading a very famous book, which all children know and love, and the name of which I will tell you by and by. So busily was I reading, that I did not notice the tide, and soon discovered that I was floating out to sea, with neither sail nor oar.

At first I was very much frightened; for there was no one in sight on land or sea, and I did not know where I might drift. But the water was calm, the sky clear, and the wind blew balmily; so I waited for what should happen.

Presently I saw a speck on the sea, and

eagerly watched it; for it drew rapidly near, and seemed to be going my way. When it came closer, I was much surprised, for of all the queer boats I ever saw this was the queerest.

It was a great wooden bowl, cracked and old, and in it sat three gray-headed little gentlemen with spectacles, all reading busily, and letting the boat go where it pleased.

Now, right in their way was a rock, and I called out, "Sir, sir, take care." But my call came too late; crash went the bowl, out came the bottom, and down plumped the little gentlemen into the sea.

I tried not to laugh as the book, wigs and spectacles flew about, and urging my boat nearer, I managed to help them out, dripping and sneezing, and looking like drowned kittens.

When the flurry was over, and they had got their breath, I asked who they were, and where they were going.

"We are from Gotham, ma'am," said the

fattest one, wiping a very wet face on a very wet handkerchief. "We are going to that island yonder. We have often tried, but never got there; it is always so, and I begin to think the thing cannot be done."

I looked where he pointed, and sure enough, there was an island where I had never seen one before. I rubbed my eyes, and looked again. Yes; there it was, a little island with trees and people on it. I saw smoke coming from the chimney of a queerly-shaped house on the shore.

"What is the name of it?" I asked.

The little old gentleman put his finger upon his lips, and said, with a mysterious nod: "I couldn't tell you, ma'am. It is a secret; but if you manage to land there, you will soon know."

The other men nodded at the same time, and then all commenced reading again, with the water still dripping from their clothes.

This made me very curious, and as the tide drifted us nearer and nearer, I looked

about me, and saw several strange things. I was filled with a strong desire to land upon the island.

As we came nearer the island I noticed an odd house built like a high-heeled shoe, and at every window I saw children's heads. Some were eating broth, some were crying, and some had nightcaps on.

I caught sight of an old lady flying about with a ladle in one hand and a rod in the other. The house was so full of children (even to the skylight, out of which they popped their heads and nodded at me) that I could not see much of the mamma of this large family; one seldom can, you know.



XLIV.

A STRANGE ISLAND.

Part II.

fright ened
wheel bar row
veg e ta ble

court plas ter
flock
hand some

screamed
in ter est ing
fam i ly

As soon as we landed I walked away from the three old gentlemen, and went through a pleasant meadow. There I saw a little girl looking sadly at some sheep's tails hung on a tree.

I also saw a little boy in blue, asleep by a haycock, and another boy taking aim at a cock-sparrow, who clapped his wings and flew away.

Then I saw a little girl sitting upon a little stool, eating something very nice from a bowl. All of a sudden, she dropped her bowl, and ran away looking very much frightened.

"What is the matter with her?" I asked



EATING CURDS AND WHEY.

of a gay young frog, who came tripping along with his hat under his arm.

“That is Miss Muffett. She is a fine young lady, madam, but is very much afraid of spiders,” said the frog.

I turned into a narrow lane, which

seemed to lead toward some music. I had not gone far, when I heard the rumbling of a wheelbarrow, and saw a little man wheeling a little woman along. The little man looked very hot and tired; but the little woman looked very nice, in a new bonnet and shawl. She kept looking at a gold ring on her finger. I was wondering who they were, when down went the wheelbarrow.

The little lady screamed so loudly that I ran away, lest I should get into trouble.

I soon came to a little house. At the door was a market wagon loaded with vegetables, and a smart young pig was just driving it



CARRYING HIS WIFE HOME IN A WHEELBARROW.

away. I had heard of this interesting family, and took a look as I passed. A second tidy pig was blowing the fire, and

a third was eating some roast beef, as if he had just come in from work.

The fourth, I was grieved to see, looked very cross. He had been naughty and had lost his dinner. The little pig was at the door crying to get in. It was so sweet to see how kindly the others let him in, wiped away his tears, tied on his bib, and brought him his bread and milk. I was very glad to see the young orphans doing so well, and I knew my friends would enjoy hearing from them.

A loud scream made me jump. A sudden splash of water made me run along to pick up a boy and girl who came tumbling down the hill, with an empty pail bumping their heads as they rolled. After assisting them I walked along.

Smelling something nice, I saw a small eating-house. Feeling hungry I stepped in. A small boy sat by the door eating a pie. He gave me a fine plum which he had taken from it.

At one table was a fat gentleman cut-



KEEPING WATCH.

ting another pie, which had a very dark crust.

When the gentleman cut the pie, I heard singing, and looked up in time to see a flock of birds.

“There is no end to new things in cooking,” I said to a handsome lady who sat near me. She was eating bread and honey. A maid stood behind her chair. She had no nose. She told me, with tears in her eyes, that a bird had nipped it off while she was hanging out clothes. I gave her a bit of court plaster which I had in my pocket.

I rested for a little while, watching the funny people around me, then started off again.



XLV.

A STRANGE ISLAND.

Part III.

strolled	en joyed	ap proached
de cid ed	re lieved	sur round ed
shocked	ex am in ing	sud den ly
im mor tal	phan toms	Mar ge ry Daw

I strolled along until I came to a hill. I did not know whether to climb to the top or walk on. I thought I heard voices, so I decided to go up the hill. When I reached the hill-top, I was shocked to find some people tossing a woman in a blanket. I begged them to stop; but one of the men, named Taffy, told me she enjoyed it.

"But why does she like it?" I asked in great surprise.

"Tom, the piper's son, will tell you. It is my turn to toss now," said the man.

"Why, you see, ma'am," said Tom, "she

is one of those very, very nice women who are always fussing and scrubbing, and worrying people to death with cleaning house. Now and then we get so tired out



GOING TO SWEEP THE SKY CLEAN.

with her that we propose to her to clean the sky. She likes that. As this is the only way we can get her up there, we toss until she stays somewhere, and leave her to sweep the cobwebs from the sky."

"Well! that is the oddest thing I ever heard. I know just such a lady. I wonder how she would like that?"

"It seems to me that you have a great many queer people on this island," I said

to another man, whom they called Peter. He stood near eating a pumpkin.

"Well, we do have rather a nice collection; but you haven't seen the best of all. We expect her every minute. Margery Daw is to let us know the minute she lights upon the island," replied Peter.

"Lights," said I, "you speak as if she flew."

"She rides upon a bird. Hurrah! the old sweeper has lit. Now you will see the cobwebs fly. Don't hurry back," said the man. A faint far-off voice answered, "I shall be back again, by and by."

The people folded up the blanket, looking very much relieved. I was examining a very odd house that was built by a very ancient king, when Margery Daw, a dirty little girl, came running up the hill calling loudly, "She's come! she's come!"

Every one looked up. A large white bird was slowly flying over the island. On its back sat the nicest old lady that ever was seen. She was nothing like the others.



THE NICE OLD LADY WHO SANG SONGS.

She had a pointed hat on over her cap, a red cloak, high-heeled shoes, and a crutch in her hand.

She smiled and nodded as the bird approached. All ran and nodded, and screamed, "Welcome! welcome, mother!"

As soon as she touched the ground, she was so surrounded that I could only see the top of her hat; for hundreds and hundreds of little children suddenly appeared, like a flock of birds. They did not look like real children, but like little people I had known long ago.

"Who are they?" I asked a little maid.

"They are phantoms of all the little people who ever read and loved our mother's songs," said the maid.

"What did she write?" I asked, feeling as if I were going to remember something.

"Songs that are immortal. You have them in your hand," replied the maid, smiling at me.

I looked. On the cover of the book I had been reading so busily when the tide

carried me away, I saw the words, Mother Goose's Melodies.

I was so delighted that I had seen her, I gave a shout, and tried to get near enough to hug and kiss the dear old soul, as the swarm of children were doing. My cry awoke me, and I was so sorry to find it all a dream.

XLVI.

MARGERY IN THE COUNTRY.

Ger ma.ny	bob o links	peo ple
Mar ger y	con tent ed	fields
hap pi ness	un fast en	plum age
but ter fly	yes ter day	rain bow

I am waiting for my grandpa, for he said I might go to the mill with him. I have been here just two weeks now, and I am going to stay all summer.

You see, my mamma is not well, and

papa has taken her across the ocean to Germany.


When grandma heard of it, she wrote a letter to mamma, and said, "Do let us have Margery this summer," and so I am here.

Grandpa has a great barn, and he lets me play in the hay. Up in the rafters there are so many swallows' nests. The little birds are just learning to fly, and yesterday one dear little fellow fell down on the hay.

I put him up on a beam, and his mother found him very soon.

The little bobolinks cannot fall, for their home is on the ground. I love to watch the bobolinks. The mother bird is brown, and seems so quiet and contented. The father bird is very handsome, in his black-and-white plumage. He has such a happy, joyous way of singing while he swings on the daisies and golden-rod.

Grandpa told me that in the South they call him the rice-bird, because he is





WAITING FOR GRANDPA.

so fond of eating the rice in the fields. The people there shoot a great many of them. I think it is too bad. He thinks the rice is put there for him to eat.

I have just been watering grandma's pansy bed. She has a beautiful garden and I can pick all the flowers I want.

Grandpa broke this place in the fence for me, so that I can run to meet him, when I am in the garden.

I can leave the watering-pot right there on the fence. No one will steal it. Grandpa doesn't even lock the door at night. I think people must be better here than in the city. We have to lock up everything in New York.

There is so much sky in the country, and even the air seems full of happiness. The sun shines upon the meadows, and the flowers smile back at the sun; while the birds and butterflies are happy all day long.

There is the dearest little humming-bird that comes to the garden every day. He is like a tiny bit of the rainbow, and almost loses himself in the day lilies.

I just wish I might see his nice little nest. Grandma says they make them as

warm as they can, and only lay two little eggs to sit on.

There is grandpa now! I must run to meet him. Grandpa! Grandpa! Let me open the big gate for you. I know I can unfasten it.



XLVII.

THE PRAYING MANTIS.

man tis	seized	prey ing
grass hop per	pray ing	In di a
depths	gog gles	a light ed
perched	gnat	or chid

In very warm countries, far away from where you and I live, may be found an insect called the "Praying Mantis." You might think from its name that it must be very good, but after reading what I shall tell you of it, I think you will change your mind.

The mantis is not unlike your friend the grasshopper in form, but it is very much larger. Its body is long and slender, the head, with sharp jaws, has a strange way of turning round and round, and the large goggle eyes stare at you; it is not very pleasant. It has two very long front legs which are armed with sharp spines, or thorns. Armed with these, it will sit upon a limb of a tree with its head moving from side to side, and its long limbs raised as if in prayer; that is why people call it the "Praying Mantis."

Let us look a little longer at this strange creature, and I think you and I will want to change his name.

Here sits a mantis on this willow-tree. It is just the pale yellow color of the changing leaf, and so the tiny gnat or fly buzzing in the sunshine, little dreams of the trap set for him, near by. In a moment he has flown too near the sharp thorny arms, and the cruel jaws have seized him — his happy life has ended.

Another mantis we shall find like a lovely orchid of many beautiful colors. The butterfly in its happy flight, thinks it some sweet flower, and stooping to sip the honey from its depths is caught in the trap and will never fly again through the sunny garden.

These strange creatures seem to be always fighting with each other. I have already told you enough, I am quite sure, for you to feel that you would name it the preying mantis rather than the praying mantis.

As I have told you something about the cruel mantis, you will not think it strange that I did not care to share my dinner, nor my bed, with one I met when passing through India.

I was spending the night with a friend, and while sitting at dinner, a curious insect alighted on the table near me. It raised its arms as if in prayer, while at the same time its head moved from side to side. Its goggle eyes seemed to glare at me.

My friend told me many curious things about the mantis. I was glad to move from the table and enjoy the warm evening out of doors.

Think of my feelings when I had gone to bed, and had tightly tucked in the netting, to see perched upon the canopy above my head that wicked little creature.

It was not to be thought of as a bed-fellow. What could I do?

Placing the pillow between me and the mantis, I began pulling at the netting, and at last it crawled carefully through the opening I had made.

I rushed to the door, and cried, "Boy! boy!"

In a moment three Chinese servants came to my help. I pointed to the mantis, and after a short struggle the insect was caught, and I could sleep.

I have always felt glad that the praying mantis did not make its home in New England.

XLVIII.

AN INTERESTING DRIVE.

I.

Ju pi ter	Ju no	dis guised
pre sent ed	Lin coln	pea cock
Io	fa vor ite	av e nues
wor shipped	Ar gus	god dess es

"O, mother, may I go to drive with Frank this afternoon?"

"Where is Frank going, Ralph?"

"He is going to Lincoln Park."

"Why are you so anxious to go to-day, Ralph?"

"Because Frank's father is going with us, and will tell us about the animals."

"Yes, my dear boy, you may go; and I hope you will have a very pleasant time."

Ralph gave his mother a hearty kiss, bade her good-by, and was soon on his way with his friends to Lincoln Park.

The drive was beautiful along the shore of the lake, and the cool fresh breeze made



JUNO'S FAVORITE BIRD.

them forget the hot, dusty city was so near.

After riding through many charming avenues, with their brilliant display of flowers on either side, they came to the park. Slowly they drove to where the animals have their homes.

The boys left the carriage and walked to the cages. There were bears, wolves, lions, prairie dogs, seals, camels, elephants and many other animals.

A large cage of monkeys seemed to attract special attention by their chattering and funny pranks.

As they walked along they came to a large space where there were a number of birds; among them three or four peacocks.

Frank's father joined them, and told the boys about them.

Soon Ralph exclaimed: "Oh! see those beautiful peacocks. What handsome tails they have!"

"Yes," said Frank; "those beautiful colors look like eyes."

"They are eyes," said his father.

"Are they really, father?"

"Yes, my son; would you like to have me tell you how they came there?"

"O, yes, father! do tell us. I should like to know so much."

"Sit down here in the shade of this tree, and I will tell you."

II.

Many, many years ago people worshiped gods and goddesses. The chief of these gods was Jupiter. His wife was called Juno. They were not very happy. One day Jupiter was standing by the river beside a beautiful maiden. He heard his wife coming, and thinking she might be angry with the maiden, he changed her into a cow. The maiden's name was Io.

When Juno met her husband, she admired the cow very much, and asked him to give it to her as a present.

Jupiter presented the cow to Juno and

she thanked him ; then sent for Argus, a shepherd with a hundred eyes, to watch her and care for her.

Poor Io suffered very much, and wished she could go home to her father, but the shepherd watched her so carefully she could not get away.

Jupiter was greatly troubled to see her suffer, and tried to help her.

So he called Mercury, a friend of his, to help him. Mercury disguised himself as a shepherd, and strolled along playing his pipes. Argus listened with delight, for he had never heard such music before. He said to Mercury : " Young man, come and take a seat by me on this stone. There is no better place for your flock to graze, and here is a pleasant shade such as shepherds love."

Mercury sat down beside him, talked, and told stories until it was very late. He played upon his pipes, hoping to put Argus to sleep, but all in vain.

He then told about the pipes on which

he was playing. Before he had finished the story he saw that Argus had fallen asleep.

Mercury then cut off his head, and Juno placed his eyes in the tail of the peacock, which was her favorite bird.

"But, father," said Frank, "what became of Io?"

"Juno tormented her for a while and then allowed Jupiter to restore her to her former self. For a while Io was afraid to speak, but soon talked as well as ever, and went home to her father and sister."

"What an interesting story!" I shall always remember about the peacock's tail. Thank you, father."

"Please tell us another story about gods and goddesses," said Ralph.

"I haven't time now, as it is very late and we must drive home before dark," said Mr. Lee. "I have a book at home which I will give you, and then you can read together many of the beautiful interesting stories of the gods and goddesses."

"Thank you, thank you," said both boys together.

They drove home through the park all very happy, having had a delightful afternoon.

XLIX.

O, LARK OF THE SUMMER MORNING!

I love to lie in the clover,
With the lark like a speck in the sky,
While its small, sweet throat runneth over
With praise it sendeth on high.

O, Lark of the summer morning!
Teach, teach me the song that you sing.
I would learn without lightness or seem-
ing,
To give praise for every good thing.

But my heart has grown hardened and
willful;
I have wandered from good far away,

Through pathways unholy and sinful,
I've forgotten, alas ! how to pray.

O, Lark of the summer morning!
Give, give me of praying the key,
And I'll learn without lightness or scorn-
ing,
As I did at my own mother's knee.

From the Japanese.

L.

TWO PET PARROTS.

A mer i ca	ver an da	pit e ous
South ern	clev er ly	swooped
New Or leans	se cure ly	fi nal ly
re proved	lan guage	fa vor ite

In the Southern States of America pet parrots are very common. I recall one now that I was the happy owner of when a child in New Orleans. She was a dark green parrot, with a black bill and feet,

and was from South America. She was very bright, and a great favorite with all the children. She spoke very plainly, and could laugh and cry quite like a human being; it was very amusing to hear her.

Polly was full of mischief. If a servant was called, she would answer (herself unseen) sharply, "What?" and when the servant was reproved for his lack of respect, she would shout with laughter.

She learned from the newsboys in the street very naughty words, which was finally the cause of our having to part with her. From her cage on the front veranda she would cry out to a passer-by, "Oh! you rat;" and when the passer-by would stop to see who it was that made the remark, and discover the parrot, the naughty bird would laugh.

Another serious fault was a habit of opening her cage door with her bill. Polly could do this quite cleverly when it was not securely tied. Then she would come out, and walk into pools of water and mud

in the yard. When the careful servant had hanged the clothes-lines full of freshly-washed linen, she would walk up and down the lines, soiling the clothes with her muddy feet, and cutting off all the buttons with her bill.

With all her faults, however, we loved her dearly. Many tears were shed when she was finally sent away on account of her bad language.

Another parrot which lived in the same city, was a great favorite in the family of some friends of mine. She was old, though I cannot now tell her exact age.

She formed a great attachment for a horse which the children drove, and the two became firm friends. Polly would climb up on a fence, the horse would come along beside her, allow her to get on his back, and then walk slowly around while the parrot held a piece of his mane with her bill.

After she had ridden as long as she wished, she would climb into the pantry

window, and hand out with her bill, rolls or cookies, or anything she could find, to the horse, as a return for her ride.

In the early morning she would go upstairs, visit the sleeping-rooms of the children, and call out: "Get up, Charlie! Get up, Frank!" until she had aroused them all.

When they started for school she would sit on the cross beam of the high front gate, and call out as long as they were in sight: "Good-by, Charlie! Good-by, Frank!"

And here on her favorite perch Polly finally met her sad fate.

There were two tame eagles in the city; they had been caught when young, tamed, and often allowed to fly about where they liked.

One morning, as Polly sat on the gate bidding her young friends good-by, one of these great birds swooped suddenly down upon her, and carried her off in his claws.

So long as she could be seen, a mere speck in his claws, as he soared toward the sky, she was sending back the most piteous cries of "Poor Polly ! poor Polly !"

LI.

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

Den mark	Ger ma ny	over tak ing
coun tries	Eu rope	chief ly
Tom my Li den	Pe ter Rous mard	crev i ces
Nor way	Thom as Gier det	cor ni ces

The first bird which little children learn to know is the robin.

Perhaps that is why he has so many different names in the countries which he visits.

In Denmark, he is called Tommy Liden ; in Norway, Peter Rousmard, and the German children call him Thomas Gierdet.

The birds in this picture are a little

different from the American robin. They are robin redbreasts, and are found in Europe.

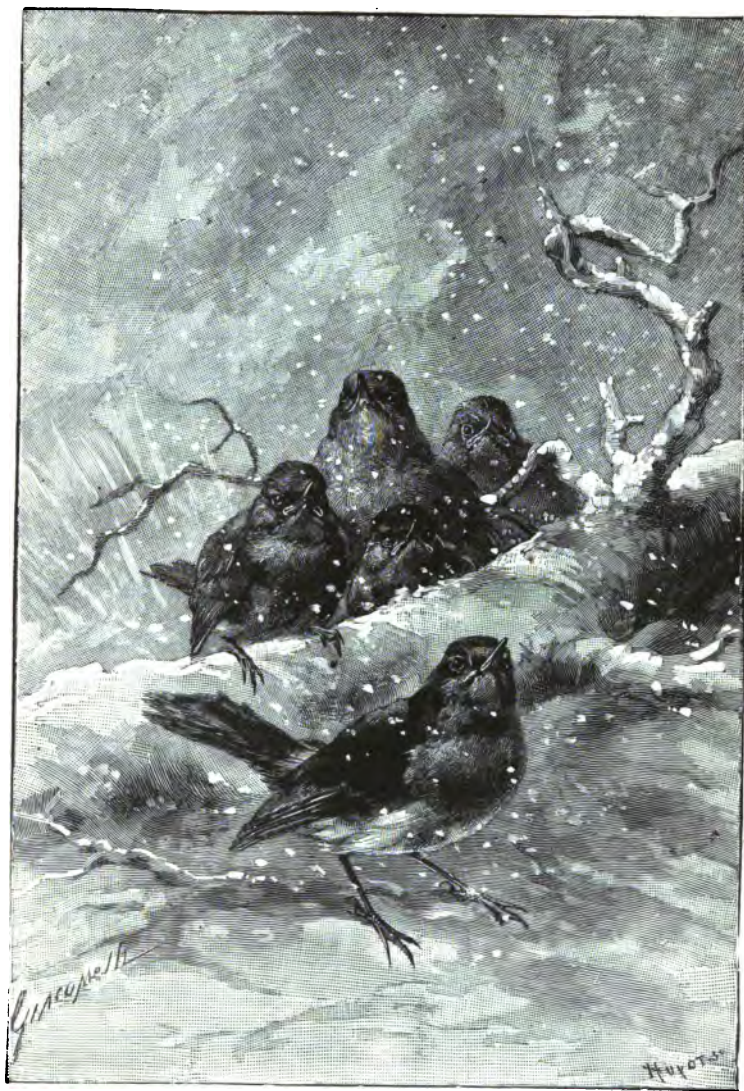
Our robins are larger, and not quite so friendly in their habits.

They belong to the thrush family, and these little fellows are warblers.

Our robins come North while the snow is still on the ground; but they do not stay until the first winter storm comes. The robin redbreast spends a large share of the year in the North, and often finds the snow overtaking him.

His food is chiefly the tiny insects, which hide among the leaves and bark of the trees. His beak is slender, straight, and shaped like an awl; made, you see, to dart into the crevices in the bark of the trees.

The redbreast builds his nest in all sorts of strange places. He seems to know that people love to see him, and will build his nest in gardens, and even in the cornices of houses.



THESE LITTLE FELLOWS ARE WARBLERS.

Once a pair of robins made their nest in a watering-pot, which hung in a porch. The children, who kept their garden tools there, loved to watch the little family, and Robin and his wife grew very tame.

They would even sit on a bush near by, while the children took the watering-pot down from the nail, to show the little ones to their playmates.

But Robin will defend his little family from harm.

One day a stone cutter heard the cries of a robin. Hastening to the spot, he saw an adder reaching his head over the nest. Robin was darting at him, and striking with his beak into the adder's head. The stone cutter soon came to the rescue.

The robin then flew to the nest, and when he found his family unharmed, he flew to one of the branches, and sang a song of gratitude.



CHILDREN ARE PLAYING.

LII.

A MARCH SONG.

March has come with many weathers,
Trees are blown about like feathers,
 Heigh-ho! the wind and rain!
Now it pipes and whistles shrilly,
Rushes down where lands are hilly,
 Sweeps across the level plain.

Now breaks forth the sunshine brightly,
Carol now the song-birds lightly,

“Heigh-ho!” the rook-boy cries —
“Seed that’s scattered by the sower
Must be left for reaper — mower :”
So to scare the thieves he tries.

Where the primroses are peeping
Wakes the dormouse from his sleeping,
Heigh-ho! the bursting buds!
Children in the lanes are playing,
Looking forward to the Maying,
In the time of leafy woods.

LIII.

THE LITTLE SPARROW.

spar row	swal low	leaf less
for eign	hun ger	knowl edge
child hood	splen did	lux u ry

One day late in the fall, a little sparrow
sat all alone on a tree outside of my win-
dow. He was born late in the summer,

and the tiny nest under the eaves was his childhood's home. He did not know what winter had in store for him, because he had never heard any one talk about it.

A flock of swallows sailed past. They stopped and spoke to the little sparrow.

"Shall you not go with us, little sparrow, to the Southern lands?"

The sparrow gazed at them in surprise.

"Here I was born," said he, "here I first



A FLOCK OF SWALLOWS SAILED PAST.

looked into my mother's eyes, and here in the garden I learned to fly. How could I leave this place? I should die of grief in that strange land."

"Oh! you would not die there," said the swallows. "It is so splendid and beautiful

there that you would soon forget this cold land. The skies there are so blue, the earth so green, the brooks and lakes so clear, and the sun shines so warm and soft. But the winter will soon be here; the water will freeze to ice, the ground will be covered with snow, and the trees will be bare and leafless. The north wind will blow so cold, and you will not be able to find any food."

But the little sparrow still sat there.

"Way off there in the foreign land the sun may be warm and the earth rich," said he, "and perhaps I shall die here of hunger. But even if I should, I had rather stay in my native land than live in luxury there."

But a little white bird came from Heaven, and seated itself beside the sparrow and twittered: "Do not be afraid, little sparrow. God will care for those who love their native land so tenderly, because without his knowledge not a single little bird can fall to the earth."

— *From the Swedish of Albrekt Segerstedt.*

LIV.

MY CAMEL.

Part I.

In di a	po ny	stom ach
A mer i ca	cam el	des ert
jour ney	ex tra	an i mal
day light	drom e da ry	me nag e rie

Before I lived in India, camels used to seem very wonderful to me when I saw them in menageries; but they are as common about me now as cows and horses were when I lived in America. I have a camel all my own, just as I used to have a pony.

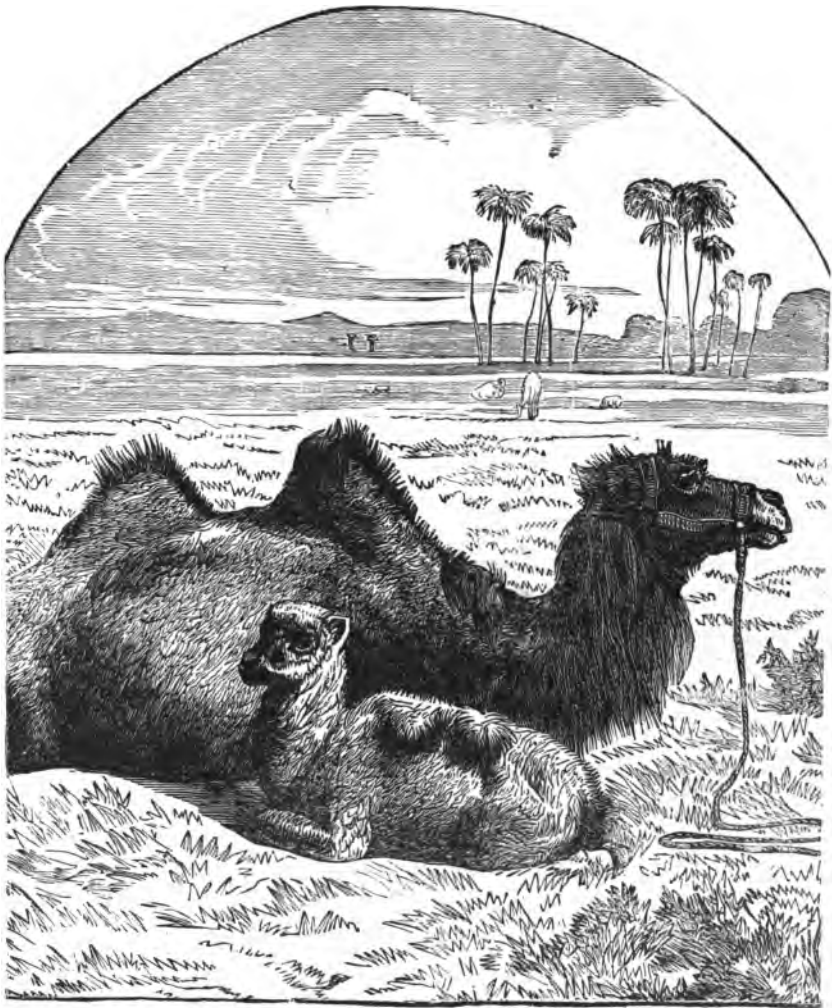
She is just the color of the sand. She has long hair upon her neck and shoulders and hips. In some places they shear it off, just as they shear sheep, and it is from that that our mothers' beautiful camel's-hair shawls are made.

My camel is a mamma camel, and she gives milk that I have learned to like very

much. The people about us cook almost everything in camel's milk.

Of course you have heard about a camel's three stomachs, and the water cells in them. If a camel has a good drink before starting he can go four or five days over the dry, hot sand without being thirsty. But something still more curious and useful is the hump upon the camel's back. The real camel has two humps upon his back, and the dromedary has only one. That is the way I first learned to tell the two animals apart.

Those humps are great mounds of fat. When food is plenty, in the rainy season, they grow larger and larger. Then when it becomes scarce, in the dry season, or when they are making long journeys over the deserts, the humps grow smaller again, for the camels are really living upon that fat stored away upon their backs, just as they live upon the water stored away in the extra stomachs.



THE CAMEL AT REST.

LV.

MY CAMEL.

Part II.

man ger
trav el
for ward

no tice
gen tle
how ev er

peo ple
sad dle
stran gle

Did you ever notice a camel's nose? It is far back from his mouth, and so made that he can shut it up so tight that you could hardly find it. He does not pick out his food by the sense of smell, like a dog or horse. He only uses his eyes to help him eat, and he will eat anything that looks as if it grew in the ground; but as he eats with his eyes he will only eat by daylight.

My pony at home would dive into his manger for oats and hay at any hour of night; but when people here are upon long journeys they almost always travel at night, not so much because it is cooler,

as to give the camels a chance to eat by daylight.

When the camel is out upon the desert, and the air is very hot, his nose closes more and more, and if a sand storm rises — oh! there are terrible sand storms on the deserts, when the wind blows the sand in great clouds and drifts, that fill the air like snow — then the camel's nose shuts up so tight that you could hardly see how any air could get in. Otherwise he would strangle with the sand.

I wish my camel were gentle and loving, like my pony; but she is rather cross. I think all camels are cross. She grunts when she has to lie down for me to climb into the saddle, and she grunts when she gets up again. When she is once started, however, she goes like the wind.

It is like flying through the air in a cradle that keeps gently rocking all the time, while it is rushing forward.

Warren H. Frych.



LVI.

THE COLD-WATER ARMY.

A little bird flew to the brooklet's brink,
And dipped her bill this way to drink ;
Then up she tossed her tiny head,
And this is what the birdie said —
The mother-bird, on the bough above,
Looking down with a look of love :
“ Chip, chip, chee ! sweet and clear,
You must never drink anything else, my
 dear ;
For all good little birds,” said she,
“ In the cold-water army ought to be.”

And the little bird sang, at the water's
edge,

"Chip, chip, chee; I'll keep the pledge!"

A lamb skipped where the waters flow,
And dipped his mouth to drink just so;
Then back he tossed his small white head,
And this is what the old sheep said —

The mother sheep, on the grassy bank,
Looking down while the lambkin drank :

"Baa, baa, baa! sweet and clear,
You must never drink anything else, my
dear;

For all good little lambs," said she,

"In the cold-water army ought to be."

And the little lamb said, at the water's
edge,

"Baa, baa, baa; I'll keep the pledge!"

A little child stooped on the smooth white
sand,

And drank the water from her hand;

Then up she tossed her curly head,

And this is what the mother said —

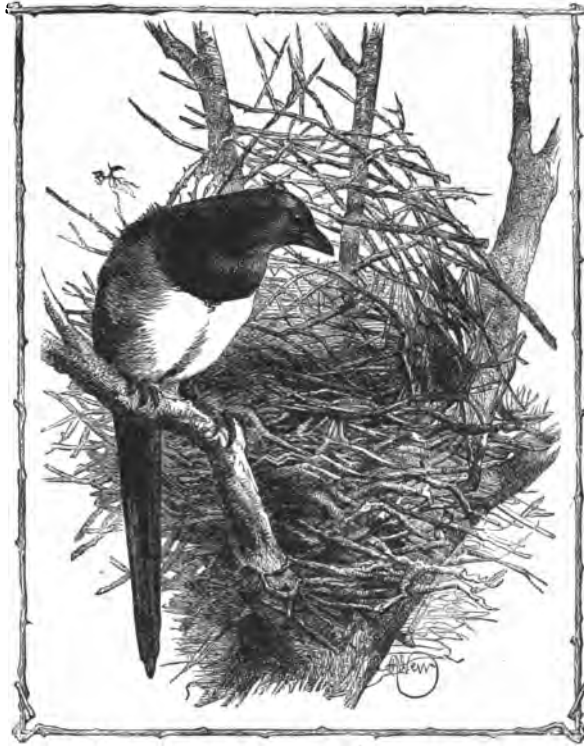
The mother kind, in the cool green shade,
Looking down where her darling played ;
“ Yes, yes, yes ! sweet and clear,
You must never drink anything else, my
 dear ;
For all good little girls,” said she,
“ In the cold-water army ought to be ! ”
And the little child sang, at the water’s
 edge,
“ Yes, yes, yes ; I’ll keep the pledge ! ”

LVII.

THE LITTLE PLANT.

for est	lit tle	mag pie
lin den	la zy	in stead
per haps	use less	fra grant
blos soms	spring ing	lan guished

Away on the edge of the forest stood a little plant, only a hand high, or perhaps still less. But the ground around it was so cold and hard that it could not grow more ;



"DON'T YOU WISH TO GROW?" SAID THE MAGPIE.

and now it had stood there several years and languished.

"Grow and be beautiful," said the forest sternly, but the plant did not grow.

"Do you not wish to grow?" said the

magpie, and then it began to tell the little thing how lazy and useless it was, but it went in at one ear and out of the other.

Still the plant did not grow.

"I will teach you to obey!" roared the wind, and lashed the poor twig with its cold wings, so it came near dying, instead of springing up.

"You will surely grow, poor little thing," said the sun so kindly, and poured warm spring rain from the sky, and warmed up the earth around it.

And then the little twig shot up and became a beautiful linden, with leafy crown and fragrant blossoms.

—*From the Swedish of Albrekt Segerstedt.*





ENJOYING THE AFTERNOON.

LVIII.

A WET AFTERNOON.

“It’s raining hard!” cried May and Mat,
“Just hear the drops come pitter-pat!
The pretty flowers are wet with rain;
When will the sun shine out again?
Among the trees we’d like to play,
But we must keep indoors to-day.
Now, dollies, don’t you fret and pout;
It’s raining, and you can’t go out.”
“Well, children,” said their nursie kind,
“The day is wet, but never mind;
We’ll have a pleasant time, you’ll see—
We’ll tell each other tales till tea.”
Nurse had a charming tale to tell,
And so had May and Mat as well;
And when the tales were told at last,
The sky was bright—the rain was past.



LIX.

PLAYING COURT.

I.

ex plain	law yer	peo ple
an swer	chil dren	wit ness
de cide	sen ten ces	wheth er
a gainst	pock et	judg ment

Papa was a lawyer. He came home one evening tired, and said, "We have had a busy day in court to-day."

Fred asked, "What was going on?"

Papa answered: "There was a case being tried. A great many people were there, who had to be asked questions. Some of them did not want to answer, and we would have a hard time to coax them to talk. Others wanted to talk too much, and gave us trouble. The lawyers would get into a dispute, and they would talk the matter all over to the judge holding court. He would decide which one was right."

Baby had been listening, and asked :

“ Papa, who holds the court ? ”

“ Why, Judge Strong, who lives across the street,” papa answered.

“ Where does he hold it ? ” said Baby.

“ In the big court house up town,” papa replied.

Then Baby asked, “ Papa, does the judge have to hold the court so it don’t fall down ? ”

Then papa had to explain to Baby how people did so many things other people did not think were right. The judge held court by listening to what these people said, and then the judge decided which was right and which was wrong. Which-ever way he decided the people must obey.

II.

Baby came crying to her papa :

“ Fred’s ’bused me.”

“ Fred has abused the baby,” said papa.

“ Tell Fred I want to see him. We will play court and try him.”

Fred came in. Papa said: "Now I'll be the judge of this court. Mary, Sue and Joe can be the jury. We will call the Baby as the first witness.

"Baby, how did Fred abuse you?"

"He run against me and knocked me down," Baby answered.

Papa asked Fred whether he wanted to ask Baby any question. Fred turned and said:

"Weren't you in my way, Baby?"

Baby answered with a quick "No."

It was Fred's turn to be a witness. He was asked:

"Fred, did you abuse the Baby as she says?"

"I ran against her, but didn't mean to hurt her," Fred answered.

Papa turned to Mary, Sue and Joe, saying:

"It is for this jury of three to go out into the hall and decide whether Fred abused the Baby or whether the Baby was in his way."



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BABY NOW?"

The three went, and came back soon.
Papa asked, "Does this jury find Fred guilty or not guilty of abusing the Baby?"

"Guilty," said Mary, Sue and Joe.

Papa said to Fred:

"You have been found guilty of abusing the Baby. You should be more careful to look where you run. This court sen-

tences you to kiss the Baby one big kiss on each cheek."

Fred kissed Baby, while all the children clapped their hands over the fun of playing court.

III.

"What's the matter with Baby now?" papa asked.

Baby answered, "Joe has hurt my feelings."

Papa called the children. There would be another court case to try. Mary, Sue and Fred would be the jury this time to try Joe. The Baby was asked how her feelings had been hurt. She answered, "Joe said I was too little to play with boys."

"Well, Joe, what have you to say for yourself?" papa as judge asked.

Joe replied: "Fred and I were going to have some fun, and Baby came running after us, and I just said, sort of easy like, 'You are too little to play with boys,

Baby; you had better go back to the house.'"

Papa as judge then talked to the jury of three.

"If they thought Joe had hurt Baby's feelings by being thoughtless, why, judgment should be against him. They should make Joe pay for the hurt with that apple sticking out of his pocket."

Mary, Sue and Fred talked it over out in the hall, came back and said:

"We find that Joe hurt Baby's feelings, and should give her half the apple."

Papa turned to Joe, saying:

"Joe, give Baby half the apple; and you must pay the costs of the trouble of this jury and judge holding this court, by cutting the other half into five pieces; one for each of the jury, one for the judge, and one for yourself. Hereafter be more careful not to hurt the feelings of others."

The children, shouting and laughing, wanted to play more court.

Wm. Archibald McLean.

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